

Thrilling Stories of Adventure for God
By

J. EDWIN ORR

CAN GOD—?

10,000 Miles of Miracle in Britain

The beginning of the story and helpful chapters on full
surrender.

65,000

PROVE ME NOW!

10,000 Miles of Miracle—to Moscow

Continues the story on to the Continent, into Moscow, with
helpful chapters on *Revival*.

"Just as remarkable a book as the other."

—*Christian Endeavour Times*.

50,000

THE PROMISE IS TO YOU!

10,000 Miles of Miracle—to Palestine

Continues the story through Mid-Europe to Jerusalem,
with helpful chapters on *the filling of the Spirit*.

45,000

TIMES OF REFRESHING!

10,000 Miles of Miracle—through Canada

"This inspiring book is well worthy of standing in line
with its predecessors."—*Belfast Witness*.

Helpful chapters on "*times of refreshing in the presence of
the Lord*."

30,000

THIS IS THE VICTORY

10,000 Miles of Miracle—in America

"Wherever he went the largest churches were crowded to
capacity and rich blessing was experienced Mr. Orr's
ministry is one of the most remarkable of recent years."

—*The Life of Faith*.

25,000

ALL YOUR NEED

10,000 Miles of Miracle through Australia

"Mr. Orr is apparently tireless. He has an unfailing con-
fidence in his mission and tells a vivid, moving story."

—*Belfast News-Letter*.

IF YE ABIDE

10,000 Miles of Miracle in South Africa

Mr. Orr couples with his messages on Revival an evangelistic
appeal to the unconverted. Over 5,000 professed conversions
were registered during his visit of nine weeks to the large
cities of South Africa.

★

MARSHALL, MORGAN & SCOTT, LTD.
London :: Edinburgh

IF YE ABIDE—

10,000 MILES OF MIRACLE
IN SOUTH AFRICA

James By

J. EDWIN ORR

N.B.I.
LIBRARY

MARSHALL, MORGAN & SCOTT, LTD.
LONDON :: EDINBURGH

U.S.A.

ZONDERVAN PUBLISHING HOUSE
815 FRANKLIN STREET, GRAND RAPIDS

I AM
V9A98U

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY FURNELL AND SONS, LTD.
PAULTON (SOMERSET) AND LONDON
A/24/1053

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS . . .	7
II. AWAKENING IN DURBAN . . .	20
III. REVIVAL IS INFECTIOUS . . .	28
IV. BLOEMFONTEIN STIRRED . . .	42
V. THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINES . . .	59
VI. THE VISIT TO PRETORIA . . .	65
VII. IN THE GOLDFIELDS . . .	75
VIII. TRAVELLING SOUTH . . .	83
IX. CAPETOWN CAMPAIGN . . .	88
X. IMPRESSIONS . . .	97
XI. "YE SHALL ASK WHAT YE WILL" . . .	116
XII. A VOW FULFILLED . . .	123

IF YE ABIDE

CHAPTER I

THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS

SMOKE curled lazily upwards towards the warm African sun. The village lay sleeping. The dogs of the village were dozing in the dust.

Suddenly the hum of an aeroplane was heard. Aeroplanes over African villages suggest to the mind the Italian bombers raining death upon the dark-skinned tribesmen of Abyssinia. Excited natives appeared from nowhere and ran to and fro—the sleepy African village had wakened up. Soon the hum of the aero engines became a roar: the plane came in sight, swooping down upon the village.

The pilot touched his controls bringing the machine rapidly towards the ground, skimming the tops of trees, roaring over the village. A smile appeared on his face as he watched a young native, clad only in a white loincloth, rush to the top of a mound and throw his short club at the plane. It fell short. The pilot opened out his engines, banked, came round again towards the village. Picking out the principal house, he steered the plane directly over the compound, opened the window at the side of the cabin, and poised his fist there, waiting for the right moment to drop the missile from his hand. Down went the missile—up went the plane, avoiding the trees by an arm's length.

"Were you successful?" I shouted in the pilot's ear.

"Yes," he shouted in reply.

"What was it you dropped?" I asked, trying to make him hear.

He laughed shortly.

"Nothing much. Only a letter of thanks to people I know down there. My wife and I stayed with them a short time ago, so I thought I ought to thank them for their hospitality."

We banked again, flew round, and made a bee-line for the village. This time we flew right over the Union Jack, waving to the people below. Then with a roar we turned away towards the great Zambesi River. We passed the village of Kasani and travelled south-west. I had expressed a desire to visit the Caprivi strip of South-West Africa, and we left Livingstone, the capital of Northern Rhodesia, with that purpose. My friend supplied the plane, and I supplied the petrol.

Soon we were at the confluence of the Zambesi and its southern tributary. To the north lay Northern Rhodesia: to the south-east—Southern Rhodesia: to the south—Bechuanaland: and to the south-west between the rivers, the Caprivi strip of the former German South-West Africa, now administered by the Union of South Africa under mandate. The junction gave me an idea—to describe in the first chapter of this book my travels in the Protectorate of Bechuanaland, the State of Southern Rhodesia, the Northern Rhodesia Protectorate, and the Territory of South West Africa.

We flew for miles over the Caprivi Strip, travelling south-west over the former German territories. There had been bloody fighting down below, the pilot informed

me. But with the conquest by South Africa during the Great War, the area came under a flag of the Empire. Then we crossed the Zambesi and continued in a north-westerly direction, and came down at a native village in Barotseland. The district magistrate gave us a cup of tea.

Setting off to the east just before sunset, we travelled as hard as we could go in order to be back at Livingstone before dark. Suddenly the plane began to descend: the pilot turned round excitedly.

"Look. Game. A whole herd of them."

The herd of *Lechwe* made a pretty picture.

A few miles further on, he brought the plane low enough for me to take a picture of a lonely bull antelope.

"Ought to be more about," he shouted.

Shortly afterwards, we sighted a herd of roan antelope grazing quietly, with the leader on guard. We went lower, zooming down over his head, leaving him utterly bewildered not knowing which way to turn. The herd bolted at a terrific pace across the veld; we went after them at about twenty feet from the ground. About thirty beautiful animals of the size of an ox, but graceful in movement, went streaking away like greased lightning. They appeared to be travelling at forty miles an hour. The plane with double the speed was bound to overtake them.

"Keep them on your right," I roared in the pilot's ear.

He did so. I got out my "movie" camera, and took a film of the bolting beasts. I have seldom seen anything so beautiful as a herd of antelope in full flight alongside. We passed them. A minute later I looked back, the herd had wheeled to the right, but was unable to pull up, and a great cloud of dust followed their stamping

hoofs. I laughed heartily to myself—I was thinking that when I started out on a push bicycle to tour the world on half-a-crown, I did not quite visualise myself in an aeroplane chasing a herd of big game across the African skyline. We got back as darkness descended.

Next day I paid a visit to the world famous Victoria Falls. This was the second view of the Falls, for we had flown over them the previous day. From the air it looked even grander than I expected—truly the Victoria Falls, called by the natives *Mosi-oa-tunya*, "the smoke that thunders," is a wonderful spectacle.

Dr. David Livingstone, the famous explorer and missionary, discovered the Victoria Falls in 1855 and named them after his sovereign. These magnificent falls are formed by the Zambesi River, a mile and a quarter wide at this point, suddenly plunging into a narrow chasm 400 feet deep. The Victoria Falls are about two and a half times as high as Niagara, and far surpass their North American rival in grandeur. Just imagine—eighty million gallons of water falling every minute from a height greater than the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London—and this spectacle a mile wide. No wonder a party of sceptical Americans, finally convinced by the actual sight of Victoria Falls, sent a cryptic telegram to President Coolidge bearing the words:—"Sell Niagara."

I walked along the edge of the rain forest, taking pictures. Dense clouds of spray rose from the cataract—visible twenty miles away. This wonder of nature baffles description. I could only look in wonder and amazement at the vast torrent of water hurling itself over the cliff into the depths beneath—it is all beautiful and awe-inspiring: Eastern Cataract, Rainbow Falls, Main Falls, and Devil's Cataract: 1,900 yards across:

420 feet down. The opposite cliff is densely covered by tropical vegetation due to the perpetual rain. A deep rocky gorge carries away the surging waters. There are five gorges in all before the river straightens out.

To get a close-up picture, I climbed down one of the cliffs, right to the water's edge. I had to wade a bit; each step brought me closer to the edge of the abyss, but I felt confident. The picture was completed—probably such a film has never been taken before. There was an element of risk—I did not hear until afterwards about the crocodiles. A false step might have led to a high dive. To me, danger is the spice of life. The film gave a good excuse.

I dried my legs in the warm sun, caught the train south to Bulawayo, and made use of the time in re-collecting my memories of the past two weeks of travel through Bechuanaland, Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, and South West Africa.

On the last day of June, 1936, we joined the good ship *Nestor* bound for Durban. A party of friends gathered on the dockside at Fremantle; and at eleven p.m. we said good-bye. As the ship put out to sea, the voices of our friends blended in the hymn of farewell, "God be with you till we meet again." Worldly passengers are scarcely ever impressed by hymn-singing, but evidently Mr. Haley's clear, strong voice, leading the others, impressed all who heard, for appreciative comment was made by many.

The voyage was uneventful and the weather was not so good; but Mr. Sherriff and myself, being good sailors, enjoyed the food and the deck sports. The passengers were friendly.

We had seen from the Australian papers that our boat, the *Nestor*, of the Blue Funnel Line, had had quite an exciting adventure before reaching Adelaide, having pulled a crippled vessel, the *Mungana*, away from the rocky reef towards which she was drifting. The captain displayed both courage and seamanship, and the passengers were provided with a topic for conversation and correspondence. However, thrilling experiences are seldom repeated: so our fortnight on board while crossing the Indian Ocean in the middle of winter proved uneventful.

On July 15, we landed at Durban, and were well-pleased to find a party of friends waiting to see us. These included our Durban host-to-be, and the chairman and secretary of the Durban Campaign Committee. A large consignment of mail from all over the world awaited attention—a long letter from Mr. P. B. Shearing (of the Capetown Evangelical Fellowship) to whose good services I was indebted for most of the South African organisation: a short one from Dr. Howard Guinness, in Stellenbosch: and a medium one from Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher, engaged in Youth Evangelistic Campaigns in different parts of South Africa.

Readers of my first book, *Can God*—? will remember that it was during the Lionel Fletcher Campaign in the city of Belfast that I received a definite call to the work of Revival. Although Mr. Fletcher was unaware of it,¹ it was the sight of one thousand converts standing to give testimony in his farewell meeting that had fired my heart and imagination. I had thought to myself: "If Garibaldi conquered Italy with one thousand volunteers, what could one do

¹ Editor's Note: To a Capetown audience Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher referred to the author as "a kind of Timothy of mine."

with one thousand young Christians on fire for Revival?"

Since then, I had met Lionel Fletcher but once—at Mildmay, immediately after the Newcastle-upon-Tyne campaign. He was tired out, so I did not expect him to remember me. Neither did he. And so, for various reasons, I prayed for further contact. His letter, therefore, was a real answer to my prayers.

"My Dear Edwin Orr,

"This is just a line to welcome you to South Africa. I want you to know that I am praying that God may give you great and mighty blessings right throughout this glorious country. To a certain extent you will be going over some of the ground that I have already covered. If, by the goodness of God, you can stir up those thousands of converts to pursue a life of prayer and consecration, then you will have been God's instrument in doing the most important work that can be done in these days, when I am sure the revival tide is lapping at the very doors of the South African churches.

"I have followed the reports of your work with constant prayer, and have been very deeply moved by the news that has come from New Zealand and Australia. Here, in South Africa, God has been giving us tremendous blessings, with overflowing crowds and thousands of professed conversions. . . . Yours very sincerely,

"LIONEL B. FLETCHER.

"P.S.—The radio message signed by yourself and Jack Sherriff has just come, and I am pleased with your news, and must thank you for the greetings. Give Jack my love, please. God bless you both. . . . We had a mighty Youth Rally last night with 235 in the inquiry room."

It should be mentioned that Jack Sherriff had motored Mr. Fletcher to and from the Bromley Campaign just before he joined me in Jamaica. We both prayed much for Mr. Fletcher.

I left Durban in the evening of the first day ashore, travelling by night through Natal and the Transvaal. At 6 p.m. next day I was in the golden city, Johannesburg, and had fellowship with Messrs. Janisch and Fleming, of the Evangelistic Committee, before leaving again at 9 p.m. for Mafeking. I spent a short time looking around this town of the famous siege, casting my thoughts back, in imagination, to the stirring defence by Baden-Powell.

All day, from sunrise to sunset, we travelled through the Bechuanaland Protectorate. This great territory, many times the size of Great Britain, is often called "Khama's Country" after the great Christian king, Khama, who died a decade ago. This chieftain's son, converted indirectly through Robert Moffatt, witnessed a good confession of Christ in spite of persecution, even persecution from his father, who was ruler of the Bamwangato tribe. He delivered his people from the bloodthirsty Matabele *impis*: and rescued them from moral degradation. His influence, when he became King, began to spread. He was respected greatly by most white men, even though he went as far as expelling white traders who taught his people drunkenness. Bechuanaland, populated by the Bakwena, Bamwangato, Bakhatla, and other tribes, came under the suzerainty of Britain, the great Khama paying a visit to London to meet Queen Victoria, who ever afterwards supported her protégé.

I greatly admired the wild scenery en route. We stopped at Lobatsi and other native villages and towns. Although mid-winter, the noonday sun was quite warm, and the black people ran around with scanty clothing. During the night, we crossed the border into the State of Southern Rhodesia.

Southern Rhodesia is now a self-governing State of the British Empire, and making rapid progress. The area of the country is large, but the white population is just over 50,000: the native tribes number a million and a half people, being of two main stocks, the Matabele and the Mashona. The latter occupy the north-eastern part of the country of which Salisbury is the capital. The Matabele are a branch of the Zulu race with a romantic though bloodthirsty history. Moselikatse, one of the bloodthirsty Zulu Emperor Chaka's generals, was defeated in battle, and declining to face the rage of his N'kosi, he led his regiment north, stealing women as he went. The Matabele became the terror of south central Africa.

As soon as I got to Bulawayo Station, I noticed a commemorative tablet which read:

BULAWAYO "the place of slaughter"; Formerly the royal kraal of LOBENGULA King of the Matabele and Overlord of all the tribes of S. RHODESIA. Messrs. Rudd, Maguire and Thompson, emissaries of RHODES, obtained from Lobengula in 1888 a concession of mineral rights which became the pivot of RHODES' famous CHARTER. In 1893, the Matabele—resenting the presence of the British occupation which interfered with their freedom to prey on their neighbours, the Mashona—challenged the white settlers. DR. JAMESON and his volunteers drove them back and hoisted the British flag on the site of the royal kraal, where Government House now stands. (Lobengula became a fugitive and died near the Shangani River.) In 1896, the Matabele rebelled, but after some months of fighting, RHODES, going amongst them unarmed, persuaded their chiefs to accept a lasting peace. The railway reached here in 1897.

Rhodes' name has been written all over the area. His dream of a group of British states from Cape to

Cairo is rapidly being fulfilled. I motored out with a couple of Rhodesian friends to the Matopos, where his earthly remains are buried in the midst of such scenic grandeur; there, also, is the memorial to Captain Alan Wilson and his men who fought from sunrise till sunset against overwhelming odds. As the memorial remarks, "There were no survivors."

At Bulawayo I was met by Rev. C. J. Newell, with whom I went to stay. The short campaign would be better described in his words:

In April last, I happened to read in *THE CHRISTIAN* that Edwin Orr contemplated a visit to South Africa, this announcement confirming the plan outlined in his first book. Making up my mind to get in touch with him, I received further encouragement in a letter from the Conventor of our South African Baptist Evangelistic Committee advising me to get his services and to write Mr. P. B. Shearing, of the Capetown Evangelical Fellowship, who would be making Mr. Orr's arrangements. Mr. Shearing, however, informed me that his programme was already fully taken up in the Union.

Unknown to each other, many folk in Bulawayo prayed about it. In the meantime, while in mid-ocean, Edwin Orr suddenly decided to visit Rhodesia, and radiogrammed Capetown: so that on July 14 we received a telegram "Edwin Orr visiting Bulawayo from July 18th to 21st: arrange meetings—SHEARING." I advertised immediately, having only two days' notice.

Friday night's Young People's meeting was made the occasion for intensive prayer. On Saturday afternoon, an informal welcome was extended to the visitor. Saturday night's meeting began the series, a searching challenge for personal revival being met with response from nearly everyone present in a gathering supercharged with power. On Sunday, attendances grew—extra seats being provided in a packed out church at night. On Monday, blessing continued, there being a definite breaking down among Christians: and on Tuesday night we were forced to move

to the larger St. George's Hall for the closing meeting. On this occasion, the message and challenge on "the Filling of the Holy Spirit" was a fitting climax to four days of blessing.

A couple of days before Edwin Orr arrived, Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher passed through to Salisbury, and in affectionate terms most warmly commended the youthful evangelist. As the meetings proceeded, it appeared to the Christians that Mr. Orr's clear purpose was to prepare the way for the message of the Empire Evangelist. There were certain difficulties with which to contend, together with the very short notice. Nevertheless, in this series of meetings for believers, one quarter of the 200 who came made public profession of their faith in Christ, some being backsliders. Many were in tears.

The "certain difficulties" will be realised by reading my own report to *The Life of Faith*: "The attendances were small" (I wrote) "due to three factors:—firstly, Bulawayo's white population is only 12,000; secondly, such short notice; and thirdly, the unfriendliness of certain ministers. . . ."

"It was encouraging to hear a lady say on Sunday that she had just heard the Rev. Thomas Chapman, one thousand miles south in Durban, pray for me over the wireless."

The short campaign was therefore held under Baptist auspices. I received the utmost kindness from the Newell family, Mr. Howe (a church officer) and his family, the organist, a Mr. Fleming, Dr. De Villiers (the Dutch minister) and Mr. and Mrs. Barber and Leslie Barham. The Bulawayo folk are most kind, but the city—like most of Rhodesia, had a hard reputation. My sympathies and prayers are with all who labour for the Master there.

On Wednesday, 22nd of July, I said good-bye to the Newells, and left Bulawayo for Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia. The Protectorate is 290,000 sq. miles in area, and lies north of the great Zambesi. The climate is more sub-tropical than tropical, although the territory lies between the 8th and 18th parallels of latitude south. In the summer the hottest days have a temperature of 96: in the winter, the coldest nights are about 46, Fahrenheit. The white population is 12,000: the native, 1,370,000. The largest towns have 1,000—2,000 European inhabitants, with varying numbers of natives. Copper mines provide employment for a great number of Rhodesians.

South-West Africa has a population of 31,600 Europeans, of whom a tenth are Germans. There is quite a strong Nazi movement in the Mandated Territory, but little hope of the return of the area to Germany. The Union will not permit a foreign power holding a country a few hours' bombing distance away from the Cape. There is an equally strong movement for union with South Africa and it seems that the majority of the voters will achieve this object. There are 235,330 natives. The country in some parts is little more than a desert.

The Union of South Africa one day may include all the land south of the Zambesi. The Protectorates are at present outside the Union, but are economically dependent upon it. Britain is not adverse to transferring the Protectorates to the African Dominion. In Southern Rhodesia there is strong opposition to the idea of unity with the Union of South Africa, but this is weakening with the growth of better feeling and loyalty down south. Southern Rhodesia may attempt to incorporate Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland:

in any case, all three will probably have some connection with the Union, if not unity. The opportunity of buying Portuguese East Africa may occur again; so the possibility of a federal state covering all the territory south of the great Zambesi comes nearer every day. This was part of Rhodes' dream.

Spiritually, the problem of the territories outside the Union is tragic, according to accounts. Sheer indifference abounds among the white people. The last evangelistic effort put forward in Livingstone brought *eighteen* people out to the meetings, I am informed. There seems to be a move on in Bulawayo and Salisbury, but as yet the need has not been met. Rhodesians are a friendly, but comparatively hard-drinking lot, and it will take a miracle to stir them out of religious or irreligious complacency. There is a bright spot showing in the sky when one considers that in Rhodesia, like everywhere else, there is a growing band of people crying daily to the Lord for spiritual revival. It was a prayer ascending when the Bulawayo folks sang the chorus I taught them:

Coming this way, yes,
Coming this way:
A mighty revival
Is coming this way.
The Lord keeps His promise:
His promise we claim—
The fire of revival,
Rhodesia aflame.

CHAPTER II

AWAKENING IN DURBAN

NATAL, the Province in which Durban is situated, lies about the 30th degree of south latitude: that is to say, about the same latitude south as South Australia, and equivalent in the northern hemisphere to the position of Egypt. It has the same longitude east as Leningrad. The climate is sub-tropical: for example, we visited Natal in the middle of winter, July, and found it warmer than the English month of May. The population of Natal comprises a million and a half natives; 200,000 Europeans; 200,000 Asiatics and coloured.

On Christmas Day, 1497, three Portuguese ships sighted the coast of Natal, the name being given by the commander, Vasco da Gama. It became a stopping place on the route to India. About the beginning of the last century Natal was populated by about a million Kaffirs of Bantu race, divided into ninety-four tribes. The rise of Chaka, the bloodthirsty Zulu conqueror, brought about the desolation of Natal and surroundings, multitudes being put to the sword by the 100,000 Zulu warriors under his command. In 1824 a small party of Englishmen was welcomed to Natal by the great Zulu king: many natives fled to them for protection. Chaka was murdered by his brothers, and as he was stabbed to death by them, he prophesied "You think you will rule this land when I am gone; but I see the

white man coming, and he will be your master." Dingaan assumed leadership. Captain Allen Gardiner arrived at Durban in 1835: and a year later, the Boers entered Natal. Dingaan massacred some of them: then the Dutchmen took revenge on 26th December, when Pretorius and 400 farmers crushed the tyrant. A year later the Republic of Natalia was proclaimed, becoming the British colony of Natal in 1844. It is now considered the most British of the four provinces. In 1879, the Zulu War broke out, Cetewayo being crushed after much bloodshed. Fire and sword came to Natal again during the Boer War at the beginning of this century.

Durban is now a city of quarter of a million, one third of whom are of European descent, one third Indian and coloured, one third native. The port is a busy, prosperous place: and the city is beautifully situated. Looking down upon the harbour, from above Glenwood, reminds one strongly of Wellington, New Zealand. Rickshaws are very well known throughout the world as a feature of Durban life. Almost every picture of Durban shows a rickshaw, so the outsider would think.

On Sunday evening, the 26th July, 1936, I arrived back in Durban from the north. I greatly regretted to hear that the Rev. Thomas Chapman, an indefatigable organiser of the campaign, had been called away south on account of serious family illness. Mr. Victor Clark was deputy as secretary, and his wife made me welcome at their home.

The Durban campaign had been organised by a committee of ministers and leaders of the various denominations. All were of the opinion that the city

needed revival sorely indeed: but during my first short visit I felt that not all of the leaders were wholeheartedly behind me—I excused them in my own mind because of their obvious ignorance of what I preached.

The first meetings were held in the afternoon, and made a good start. The big, general meeting overcrowded the Central Baptist Church, and on that very first occasion, a real expectancy of revival was created. The meeting lasted for two and a half hours. Nevertheless, in my own heart there was not much hope of blessing—I felt dry and mechanical.

But it so happened that I was sitting at the piano next morning when memory suggested the beautiful chorus learned in Auckland when revival began there:

Calvary covers it all—
My life, with its guilt and shame:
My sin and despair,
Jesus took on Him there:
And Calvary covers it all.

I felt that I could not go on playing, so I slipped away to the secret place. "Calvary covers it all"—the wonder of it dawned on my soul. I am not ashamed to say that I wept and prayed for about an hour—over my own hardness, subtle backsliding, in the face of the need of souls. Thank God for revival then.

On Tuesday morning, I had the privilege of addressing the ministers at their fraternal. I felt that this was a key meeting, and so, after I had spoken about revival generally, I dealt with the necessity of revival in the heart of the minister of the Lord. It was refreshing to see that the Word was gripping hearts, prejudices were being discarded, heart-searching was going on.

Then we got to prayer: deep confessions of the faults that hindered blessing were made: fervent prayer ascended: and truly there was revival among us. I heard only two prayers which were not in the Spirit. All the others were real prayers. Several ministers came along afterwards and told me of reconciliations, private apologies, restitution of things spiritual, and hope of revival.

And so the atmosphere was prepared for the revival to spread to the people. In the afternoon, after speaking to Christians, I asked those who wished to make decision to confess publicly. Several sinners decided. In the evening, an even greater crowd came to hear the message, overflowing into anterooms. The message was meant to follow up the previous subject, "Why cannot we have revival in Durban?" The Christians were reminded that on the previous evening they had stood up one after another to declare, "If God shows me anything in my life which hinders revival, by His grace I will confess to Him and forsake the sin." The hindrances to revival were pointed out, and a tense atmosphere resulted. When we finally got to prayer, several men and women stood up and brokenly asked for prayer for deliverance from their sins. The meeting continued in such strain until some eighty Christians had thus got right with God. Then there was a general turning to the Lord for forgiveness, prayers ascending, faces being wet with tears. In the midst of this prayer meeting, scores of sinners repented of their sin and accepted Christ as Saviour.

Again there were decisions in the afternoon service. On Wednesday evening a thousand people gathered together in the Central Baptist Church, some standing in the hallway and vestibules, some in the Sunday

School hall listening to the amplifier, others standing outside the church windows under the canopy of heaven. In the middle of this meeting—again for Christians—one young man after another stood up before the great crowd and said, "I am willing for God's service anywhere"—"I now surrender my whole life to God," and these fifty splendid types of young manhood were followed by as many girls declaring much the same. All remained standing while prayer was offered to God. Again strange things happened during that prayer—over fifty sinners accepted Christ as Saviour, and most were dealt with in the enquiry room and by decision card. Several people listening outside the church accepted Christ as Saviour, following the appeal through the opened windows. Till a late hour we were dealing with souls.

The meeting on Thursday night was likewise for believers. Some five hundred sought God's great blessing—the filling of the Holy Ghost. The blessing falling upon the Christians was accompanied by the Spirit in conviction falling upon the unsaved: and again scores accepted Christ as Saviour.

On Friday night, again the message was for Christians, the subject being "Soul-winning." I rebuked the people strongly for their lack of passion for the salvation of their lost friends, relatives, neighbours, workmates and schoolmates. Many tearful scenes were witnessed as, for example, a mother with a broken voice asked for prayer for her only son: daughters asked prayer for fathers and mothers: requests for prayer came from all over the building, from people in all stages of life. And again, while prayer ascended to God for lost souls' salvation, scores of sinners in the meeting signified their decision for Christ.

The young men and women who had surrendered to God on Wednesday night came together specially on Saturday night to discuss "What we can do to turn Durban upside down." It was a most informal gathering. It was decided to meet monthly as a Revival Fellowship. The meeting voted that all ministers and leaders be informed that those attending the fellowship would promise regular attendance at the Sunday services of their respective assemblies and all other loyalties. A small group was appointed to arrange open-air work: a choirmaster volunteered to gather together all the musical talent: tract distribution was suggested: visiting of hospitals: wayside Sunday Schools: cottage meetings: prayer union letters: personal work: and a course in Bible study was arranged for. A couple of Indians spoke of the need among their folks: it was decided likewise to support by prayer the efforts going on among the coloured and native peoples. A feeling of enthusiasm and goodwill abounded. And at the end of the service, during prayer, a score of sinners professed to accept Christ as Saviour. Some 450 people attended this meeting, ninety per cent being under thirty.

The most remarkable feature of these five weeknight services for Christians was that hundreds professed to accept Christ as Saviour—a proportion of one in four of the total attendance. This proves undoubtedly what one has always preached—that when revival stirs the hearts of Christians, sinners turn to the Lord.

Here, for instance, is a letter received from and signed by seven nurses in a local hospital: "Our hospital has been represented every day at your meetings, and we do praise God for the great and mighty blessings received, and for revival begun. So far as we know,

five of the nurses have already decided for the Lord." Several ministers told me of their children making decision for Christ.

On Sunday, the time was given to the evangelistic message. Two thousand people gathered on Sunday afternoon in the City Hall, and a gratifying number signified decision for Christ. Over two thousand, it was estimated, attended the evening service in the large Princess Theatre, and one was told that folks began to gather two hours before the service. In this final address, it was made patent that the centre of the message was the Crucified Christ. About two hundred people professed to accept Christ as Saviour at the end of this address, many of them being people untouched by the churches.

I felt physically tired after the campaign; but my heart rejoiced to know that revival had begun in Durban. *Over three hundred¹ all together signified publicly their decision to accept Christ.* Half of these were dealt with in the enquiry rooms; but in some cases there was no scope for such dealing with souls. Over six hundred decision cards were taken.

The unity of the Christians continued right to the end, a score of ministers taking part in the farewell meeting. It is not too much to say that God had answered prayer by giving revival—the last chairman described it as unprecedented. Durban has not got a reputation for successful Christian work, but the revival which began in July, 1936, is going to continue.

¹ Editor's Note: Although 600 decision cards were taken by enquirers, the author has decided to understate figures of professed conversions by quoting 50 per cent of the maximum estimate given by friends—and this policy is adopted almost everywhere in this book.

One bright morning in Durban, who should roll up in a rickshaw but Dr. Howard Guinness, our old friend from the Inter-Varsity Fellowship. It was his first experience of a rickshaw, and it was mine likewise. We enjoyed the experience, and took a moving picture of each other. The Zulu rickshaw puller acted like a Hollywood star. Then Dr. Guinness and I had a long yarn. His work in South Africa, among South African students, has been well spoken of by leaders everywhere.

In the meantime, contradictory reports reached me from Sherriff down at Capetown. He sent me a telegram "*Car procured. Send £5 to Port Elizabeth for petrol.*" A letter from Mr. Shearing stated that Sherriff had procured a *Ford*. So I was left with the uncertainty of wondering "Is it a *car*, or is it a *Ford*?" After many vicissitudes of travel through magnificent scenery and over terrible roads, A.J. arrived at midnight covered with dust. He sang the praises of the *Ford* until the early hours of the morning, telling me that he motored up Long Kloof in top gear—from the way he talked about it, Long Kloof is either a mountain slope or the side of a house. At any rate, I was glad to see his cheerful face again, despite his fantastic notions about a *Ford* being a car.

CHAPTER III

REVIVAL IS INFECTIOUS

A LETTER received from my sister, Evelyn, contained a very amusing paragraph about my five-year-old nephew: "Clive is well, and is full of mischief as usual. I am sending him to school as soon as the holidays are over. He rather amused me by thinking that you would be a black man when you came home. I had told him that there were black people where you are now. He said 'Will Uncle Edwin have to soapy his face a lot when he comes home?' He thought that the blackness was due to dirt. He has seen black men occasionally, and has been very impressed by them. I expect he thought that it was lovely never to wash—all small boys dislike washing, I find."

One hundred and fifty-six letters reached me in three days in Durban, and so I found that correspondence did not leave much time for sight-seeing. On the Saturday, however, Sherriff motored out to the Valley of a Thousand Hills, and I motored back.

With deep regret, I left Durban and all the kind friends there, missing especially the hospitality of our kind hosts, the Clarks. On Monday morning at ten o'clock I left the Durban aerodrome in a fast light plane, specially chartered by friends in Kokstad, 180 miles away by road. Whilst in Canada, I had received a letter from Rev. G. K. Charters, an Ulsterman, inviting

me to Kokstad during the proposed South African tour, telling me that a band of people there were praying for my coming. I put the letter on the file after answering, mentally noting that according to the atlas, Kokstad was not quite as big as Johannesburg.

Letters still continued to reach me from Kokstad—at very regular intervals: then telegrams. So, because of their importunity, I decided to go. I discovered that Kokstad was the capital town of the Griqualand East district, named after Adam Kok, the chief of the Griquas who trekked from the other side of the country to avoid the encroachments of the Boers of the Orange Free State. The Griquas themselves are of mixed Hottentot and near-white blood, many being descended from runaway half-caste slaves. The Boers, in their polite way, refer to the tribe as 'the tribe of bastards'—but they themselves are partly responsible for the admixture of white blood. Kokstad was founded seventy years ago, and at the present time some 1,200 Europeans live there.

I was greeted at the aerodrome and at the Methodist Manse by several ministers of various denominations. There was also a letter of welcome from the Mayor of Kokstad—Rev. G. Reginald Veel, a High Churchman. I was greatly impressed by that sanctified audacity of Charters and his friends. The date chosen was a Bank Holiday: there was a rugby final: and the town's annual dance was to be held that evening, normally attended by half the population. But not only did they arrange a meeting, but they also went to the expense of chartering a special plane. Their zeal had its reward—in a spontaneous outburst of Holy Ghost revival. I was gratified to see the Rector at the meeting. Most Anglicans in South Africa are extra-High Churchmen.

But when invited to come, the Rector (I hear) declared that he most certainly would attend, for he as an evangelical Anglo-Catholic would always give his support to the preaching of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. First of all as Mayor he welcomed me on behalf of the community, and then as Rector, on behalf of the churches. When the break came, his help in the aftermeeting was given in dealing with those who wished to decide. There was a very cordial feeling between the leaders, Dutch Reformed, Methodist, Anglican, Presbyterian, and a visiting Brethren evangelist. And their prayers were more than answered when half the adult population of the town turned up at the meeting.

Here is the work described from another angle:—
Rev. G. K. Charters, Methodist Superintendent, wrote:

Nearly a year ago I was guided to write to Mr. Orr, then in Canada, and suggest that if he ever visited South Africa, he must come to Kokstad—there being a real need in these smaller centres of the Union. In the meantime, a number of men and women met to pray for revival, and all night prayer meetings were held among the men.

In response to an invitation by telegram, our friend replied that only one day was open: but as we were so keen, we booked an airplane to transport him across the 180 miles of country. Every day for two weeks Christians met to pray unitedly that God would make this a great day in the spiritual history of Kokstad.

The first meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church and a deep spirit of conviction was upon the gathering. Later in the afternoon a large meeting for coloured people resulted in about thirty deciding for Christ. The Town Hall was booked for the great united meeting, and although there was the distraction of a Bank Holiday, a rugby final, and the annual dance, half the population—about 600—attended. The Spirit of God was manifest. Christians began to confess their sin and need, 300 standing to admit

their backsliding and desire for individual blessing. After this, an appeal was made, and although no evangelistic address had been given, 103¹ people decided for Christ, the majority being dealt with. It was a great experience for Kokstad. The gift of sanctified humour was used to win the hearts of the people, and the outstanding feature of the whole service was the absence of any unhealthy emotion. The results of Edwin Orr's visit will live amongst us, and we believe that the fire will spread and that there will be a greater outpouring unprecedented in the history of the town. Already all the leaders are united in their desire for continuing the united revival meetings and it is hoped to take a team of ministers over to Matatiele and other towns, for revival is the most infectious thing in the world.

Rev. A. J. Vogel, minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, reports:

Edwin Orr held a short service in the Griqua National Independent Church, Kokstad. His message was Christ and Him crucified. Thank God for His convincing Power through His Holy Spirit. At the close of the service Mr. Orr appealed to them to accept Christ as their own personal Saviour. What a wonderful response to the appeal—29 decided for Christ. Most of these who accepted were a result of answered prayers. I have been earnestly pleading with God for their conversion, and how wonderfully has God responded to my prayers. Glory be to His name and to the cleansing blood of Christ. I am very grateful to the Lord and His servant for allowing the Griqua coloured people to occupy the gallery for Mr. Orr's evening service in the Town Hall: 27 of these coloured people accepted Christ and signed decision cards at this meeting also. We in Kokstad will continue to pray for the revival which has already started.

A letter from Rev. Pat Charters, dated two weeks later, gave me real joy. It stated:

¹ Some of these were backsliders renewing allegiance.

You will rejoice to know that revival is spreading in Kokstad and district. This was evident when I went to the country and took others with me, and we had a number of people seeking forgiveness for sins and hindrances in their lives, and coming right through for Christ. This happened in the country places. There is a spirit of co-operation amongst the Churches unknown before, and we praise God for it. Every day we hear of results of that powerful meeting in the Town Hall.

Next morning, Rev. Pat Charters and I left Kokstad by plane. We had a very nice trip indeed, spending most of the time either discussing the scenery or planning to carry the revival flame to other districts. After forty minutes' flight, my companion yawned a couple of times.

"Oh, dear," he exclaimed. "I'm getting sleepy. We must be getting near Maritzburg."

We both laughed heartily, for Pietermaritzburg is often called "Sleepy Hollow." In a few minutes we had alighted. And within an hour I was sound asleep. It is easy to sleep in the 'Burg.

At the first meeting, Tuesday evening, a good crowd filled St. John's Presbyterian Church. No less than forty-two Christians motored up specially from Durban, and in turn the Durban ministers and leaders told of the Durban awakening—Rev. Charles Albertyn, Methodist; Rev. Morrow Cook, Baptist; Mr. Loudon, Brethren; Rev. H. A. Oliver, Church of England; Rev. A. Phillips, Congregationalist; and Mr. Victor Clark, secretary of the campaign. Their united witness and enthusiasm created a good feeling, and after the message, two fine young men waited behind to make decision for Christ. Rev. Pat Charters also spoke, telling the people of the revival in Kokstad. Several folks commented on the fact that there was a comparative

chilliness in Maritzburg compared with Durban. I noticed it too.

One thing which gave me disappointment was the response to the challenge which I give in every opening meeting—that is, to urge leaders to testify of their desire for revival or to pray for it. This challenge has always been used of God to catch the imagination of the people, who always like to see a united eagerness for revival among such leaders. In Durban, two and three ministers had stood to their feet at once, waiting for the opportunity to say "The greatest desire of my heart is to see a mighty revival in this city: and if there is anything in my heart hindering its coming, I pray God that He may show it me." But in Maritzburg, only one leader made it clear that he was willing to pay the price for revival. One of the Durban visitors remarked that he thought that they did not really want revival. I just hoped for the best.

The campaign was well organised. The secretary was more than helpful and all the others were more than cordial. A reporter called to see me, and before very long I was talking to him about his soul's salvation. He was most interested. Next day, the *Natal Witness* gave more than a long newspaper column, headed:

"SKY PILOT" IN MARITZBURG
Evangelist who likes Aeroplanes

A remarkably good write-up followed. A special correspondent had sent in a piece about the awakening in Kokstad. The reference to the aeroplane brings to my mind the recollection of what one man remarked in Kokstad after being handed a leaflet which bore the words "Edwin Orr will pay a visit by aeroplane to Kokstad, Monday, August 3rd." Unfortunately the

printer had omitted the details overleaf, the most important part of the announcement, so the fellow exclaimed: "Oh, I see. This fellow is coming to do aeroplane stunts over the town? Is he a member of a flying circus?"

In the meantime, I went along to the Natal University College to have a meeting with the S.C.A. Writing of this meeting, a student declared that

The students turned out in full force, and listened respectfully, although the meeting had taken a very unexpected turn. They certainly heard what they needed badly, and many were convicted. In an absolute silence, Mr. Orr closed the meeting with a short prayer: then extended an invitation to those interested in Christian work to remain behind. About two thirds of the students stayed.

Mr. Orr then gave us a very heartsearching talk on revival and our part in it. He spoke definitely about our sin and guilt as hindrances to God's work. A wonderful spirit pervaded the atmosphere as God spoke to us. One after another stood up, confessed hindrances, and asked for prayer. Revival had most certainly started at N.U.C. Silent tears were shed there whilst convicted students admitted their guilt before God. Mr. Orr then made an appeal to professing Christians, backsliders, and acknowledged sinners to seek true salvation. Over a dozen students signified their acceptance of the saving grace of Christ.

God surely spoke to us and broke down all the reserve and barriers. This meeting was regarded as an introduction to the special meetings to be held by Dr. Howard Guinness, and the students showed the reality of their decisions by their evident enthusiasm about these meetings.

Our good friend, Dr. Howard Guinness, had a very acceptable ministry there, being especially helpful in leading some who had decided unto "real assurance."

The church was filled again on Wednesday night.

But when the challenge to the Christians was given, there was no response at first. I felt handicapped by a lack of sympathy—it may have been a lack of sympathy with the method, but even this is often a deceitful excuse for shirking the price to be paid for revival.

"I feel," said I, bluntly, "that some folks are grieving the Holy Spirit in this meeting. I think it would be better to close the meeting right away. *But remember:* if no souls are saved to-night, tell yourself as you go home, 'My hardness of heart kept some unsaved souls away from Christ'."

The message provoked a response in some hearts. Several stood to their feet and brokenly asked for prayer for forgiveness of backsliding. But only a section of the people were touched: the meeting remained "chilly." The partial blessing was followed by the turning to God of a score of unconverted folks, but I went away bitterly disappointed at the failure of professing Christian people.

Next day I searched my own heart, but felt that the fault did not lie in the message, but that the hindrance to blessing was due to the refusal of the Christians to humble themselves before God: and the previous failure among leaders was a factor in it. It seemed logical—the message of the Lord was preached in Durban: the Christians turned to God and publicly humbled themselves, beginning with the leaders: real revival resulted, with many genuine conversions. In Kokstad, leaders and people humbled themselves: result—revival. In Maritzburg, neither leaders nor people humbled themselves: result—no revival.

That morning it was my privilege to meet a group of leading Christians. They were most cordial and friendly. I spoke to them on the "revival" approach

to evangelism. Asking their permission to speak frankly and without offence, I thanked them for their cordiality and co-operation, but pointed out that I felt "spiritually lonely" in Maritzburg. In my opinion (I said) there must be some lack of sympathy on some point of spiritual truth—would they please tell me what it was? They were amazed, but immediately they adopted the correct attitude of friendliness and began to explain their positions. I was assured that they were with me. To which I replied, "To what extent?"

One leader present seemed to differ with me on the question of "prayerlessness"—he politely explained that my rebuke to Christians on prayerlessness was unjustified; that he was far too busy to spend anything like an hour any day in prayer to God: that if he did, his work would suffer: that it was sufficient to live in the atmosphere of prayer. I was utterly dumbfounded—I simply cannot believe that a man can minister the Word of God to hungry souls and not feel the need of at least an hour each day. But I kept silence. They pointed out that it was harmful to challenge people to confess openly—and I told them that I had never heard of a revival where there was no confession among Christians. They said it was a question of method—and I told them that any method which gave Christians an opportunity of *forsaking* as well as confessing secretly, would suit me. I quoted instances of young men falling into secret sin after secretly confessing to God without abandoning the sin. My methods, I said, were to ask convicted Christians to kneel at the altar rail and confess secretly: or to stand up before the church and request prayer: or to pray briefly and personally for themselves. What method did they recommend? Their reply was very wise, "Use the method

that God has laid upon your heart, the method that God blesses." I did that in Durban (I said) and both leaders and people responded: here in Maritzburg there has been a poor response—*what then?*

A visiting leader then remarked that one would think from the remarks of Mr. Orr that Pietermaritzburg was spiritually cold: he wished to point out that it was a really fine place, etc., etc. I made no reply to this, for they all knew the truth—some large churches have an evening congregation of less than three dozen people. Before we got to prayer, one minister remarked that he, personally, felt his need of more prayer, and that he was praying that God would give him and his church a revival. When we got to prayer, he was the only one who joined me in prayer for revival. In spite of the cordiality, there was a spiritual frost. I went away saddened.

The remaining meetings continued as one expected: by Friday, there had been over 50 decisions among the unconverted, but no revival. Quite a number of Christians testified to individual revival received, but the majority were untouched. I had a clear conscience. Visitors from Durban immediately remarked, "What's wrong here, Mr. Orr?" I let them guess. They generally guessed right. One party went back to Durban terribly disappointed. Next day I received a telegram from them: "*Edwin Orr, Evangelist, Maritzburg: we are standing faithfully by you in prayer: Gud velsigne dig—Durban Norwegian friends who attended last night's meeting.*"

Sherriff and I decided to motor down to Durban on Friday night, arriving just before midnight, to be warmly welcomed by the Clarks whose fellowship we could compare only with Bert and Vera in New Zealand.

On Sunday morning we left Durban: the hands of the clock pointed to 8.30 a.m., but Sherriff is a magnificent motorist, so we arrived in Maritzburg at 9.45 a.m.—50 miles, rising 2,000 feet, in 1½ hours.

Writing about the "*Visit of Mr. J. Edwin Orr to Maritzburg*," Rev. Frank Oldrieve, the Baptist Minister, declared:

Many Christian people in Maritzburg have been eagerly looking forward to the visit of Mr. Orr, and much prayer has been offered for blessing on his work. There is, therefore, much rejoicing in some quarters, and thanksgiving to God for sending His servant into our midst. His visit was so short, only from the Tuesday till the Sunday, yet we know of 210 people who signified their decision for Christ. Surely that is cause for praise! Many Christians received definite blessing, and we believe that there will be a great difference in many lives from now onward.

For the first meeting in the City some people came up from Durban, where there was so much blessing last week. At the meeting several ministers testified as to what God had done in their midst. A Methodist, a Baptist, an Anglican, a Congregationalist, and a friend from the Brethren testified as to blessing received. A Methodist Minister from Kokstad, where Mr. Orr had had one day's meetings on the Monday, spoke of great blessing received there.

The Evangelist was cordially received by the Ministers and the Church Council, and the meetings, most of which were held in St. John's Presbyterian Church, were well attended, the Church being filled for all the evening meetings. There was a splendid Men's meeting on the Sunday afternoon, and a Women's meeting on the Friday afternoon, and blessing followed the giving of every message. We thank God for an Evangelist who dares to be straight, and who challenges Christians to get right with God.

A special meeting was held at the University for the men and women students and many decided for Christ, others reconsecrating themselves to Him. The Evangelist

conducted the Sunday morning Service in the Congregational Church for the coloured community, and here again there was evidence of the working of the Holy Spirit, for 40 decision cards were signed at the close of this service.

The closing meeting was held in the City Hall on Sunday evening, and some 1,300 people gathered to hear a searching Gospel message. At the close 50 people responded to the appeal, signifying acceptance of Christ.

It may be of interest to note what one discovers from the duplicate decision cards (some who made decision in the City Hall, where there were no facilities for enquiry room work, are unclassified: the students were unclassified) 40 Coloured Congregationalists; 25 Salvation Army; 17 Dutch Reformers; 14 Methodist; 9 Presbyterian; 9 Anglican; 8 Lutheran; 5 Baptist; 2 Full Gospel; 1 Brethren; and 1 Roman Catholic . . . over 150 in all.

So much for Pietermaritzburg. I have written frankly of the problems which I saw confronting my work there. But I must point out once more that there was no bad feeling between the organisers of the campaign and myself. Indeed, one can gladly insist that there was heart-warming cordiality from every member of the Church Council (under whose auspices the campaign was held) and every other minister. But of course, cordiality does not always mean spiritual co-operation. There was nothing of controversy in any of the meetings: but perhaps the fact that everyone knew where I stood regarding the atonement and plenary inspiration of scripture, whereas many of the leaders are of definitely, liberal views, may be the hidden and unsuspected cause of our divergence of outlook and methods . . . not divergence of aspirations, however, for one is glad to admit that many liberals honestly seek the same things, though handicapped by their "intellectual" training. I am told that many of my friendly critics are strong Evolutionists—I wonder

what our friends in the Victoria Institute and Philosophical Society of Great Britain would say by way of explanation?

Sherriff and I said good-bye to our kind Maritzburg host, Mr. Malcolm, and the equally kind secretary, Mr. Noble. We motored up to Ladysmith the same day, Monday, reaching our destination on the stroke of four, ready for service. There seemed to be real preparation among the Ladysmith Christians, thanks being due in many ways to the sanctified zeal of Rev. David Couper. Many hundreds gathered in the Town Hall, where Mr. Couper presided, and where the Mayor of Ladysmith (Mr. Sinclair) welcomed us on behalf of the community.

Revival resulted from that meeting, scores of Christians getting right with their Lord, seeking to surrender all to Him. And sinners turned to God in the prayer-meeting that followed, *one tenth of the European population of the town making public profession of conversion or restoration*. There were several decisions among the few non-Europeans present, over 60 professing conversions in all. This greatly rejoiced my heart, for it meant that many hundreds of people had signified decision for Christ in the first two weeks spent in the Union. I am quite sure that our friend Couper will be used to further the cause. In reporting the visit, Rev. David Couper stated:

Preparatory to the public meeting in the evening, a number of ministers and other Christian leaders gathered at four o'clock in the afternoon in the Presbyterian Church. Here Mr. Orr gave a heart to heart talk on the meaning of *revival*. In the season of prayer that followed, many earnest and heart-searching prayers were offered.

The Town Hall was well filled, including the gallery,

when promptly at 7:30 Mr. Orr and his young aide-de-camp, Mr. Jack Sherriff, were escorted to the platform. The chairman explained that Mr. Orr's presence in Ladysmith was a direct answer to prayer: and thereupon called upon Mr. J. W. Sinclair, Ladysmith's new mayor, to say a few words of welcome. This the mayor did in a very hearty manner, after which the platform was vacated by all but Mr. Orr, who then took charge of the meeting, and held the audience captive for upwards of an hour and a half. With gifted fluency and humour he led his listeners on, with ever-deepening sense of the "aliveness" of God, of His wonder-working power and of His immediate answer to prayer. Mr. Orr then dealt forcefully with the common hindrances to a life of faith. He exposed the sins of prayerlessness, criticism, cowardice, and pride in professing Christians, and dealt tenderly yet severely with secret sin, as well as the grosser sins as affecting the backslider and the unconverted. A spirit of earnestness and reality was apparent throughout the whole meeting, and there was an intense hush when, with heads bowed, hands were raised in token of rededication or conversion. Over one hundred decision cards were taken, and in a beautiful prayer the youthful ambassador brought the impressive meeting to a close.

Frail of body, without emotionalism, but with a heart on fire for God, Mr. Orr has accomplished a work in Ladysmith that has set a movement going for which, we trust, we shall have cause to bless and praise the Lord for many years to come.

CHAPTER IV

BLOEMFONTEIN STIRRED

ON Tuesday, 11th August, we filled up the Ford with petrol, and left Ladysmith for Bloemfontein. Nearly two hundred and eighty miles had to be covered, so we made a reasonably early start. Roads in South Africa are not like roads in England, or America, or New Zealand. They are rough and stony, sandy and bumpy, corrugated and twisty—in short, *rotten*. The main roads are little better than the worst tracks in the Highlands of Scotland. One of the distinctly annoying features of the South African roads is the system of drainage—every hundred yards there is a sort of trench across the road which carries away the flood water in the rainy season. When one is travelling at forty miles per hour along the road, there is nothing else for it but to jam on the brakes, and hold tight. The pity is that these hollows cannot be seen until one is close to them. In our case, it made the journey more exciting. We would be travelling at the rate of 45 m.p.h., suddenly Sherriff would yell, "Look out," we both held on like grim death. *Bump*.

Another abominable obstruction is caused by the very opposite idea: sometimes the road authorities make upraised humps—with precisely the same effect. One suddenly goes towards the roof of the car. Yet another bother is caused by the farmers having the right

Bloemfontein Stirred

43

to put gates across the main road. The car has to stop while someone opens the gate. I was rather amused when one of our friends said to us "Take some gate-openers with you"—and he gave us a supply of *oranges*. I had heard of burglars opening locks with safetypins: but apparently the South Africans went one better and opened gates with *oranges*. Then we found them out. Little black boys sit at the gates, open them as the motorist approaches, and are suitably rewarded with an orange or a stick of candy or a penny.

Our route took us through Harrismith, Bethlehem, Senekal, Winburg, and Brandfort. It was an interesting journey. For the first score of miles we were travelling up towards the ridge of the Drakensberg. Lack of protective verdure permits erosion to play queer tricks with the contours of South African hills and mountains. They are certainly the most grotesque I have yet seen.

It took us seven hours to cover the 280 miles. One of the first folks to greet us in Bloemfontein was our old friend, the Rev. William Douglas, whom we had seen in hospital in Durban. We had been asked to stay at the home of Dr. De Wet, a Dutch Reformed minister. His wife greeted us at the door, and from that moment forward, it was "home from home" for us. Dr. De Wet and his helpmeet were exceedingly kind to us. They had their full share of dry Boer humour, and we got on well. The three children, Henie, Johann, and Andries, were too young to know any English: and we had some amusing times trying to speak in Afrikaans to them.

"Leer ons Engels"—"teach us English," they would cry. And I took the opportunity of teaching them some remarks of a decided uncomplimentary nature

to apply to Mr. Sherriff. They used the words in all innocency. Sherriff thought it a great joke. His good temper is most amazing: I never met anyone so even-tempered and impervious to irritability.

I learned some more Afrikaans: and as this was a great factor in winning the love and goodwill of the majority of Orange Free State people—Afrikaners—I made use of it in the meetings.

"I am sorry," I said to the people, "that I have not had enough time to learn Afrikaans properly. But I can say the most important thing in Afrikaans—'*Waar is die eetkamer?*'"

This provoked much laughter from Afrikaners and Britishers alike. It means simply 'Where is the dining-room?' Next night I tried another one on them.

"I have learned another most important phrase in your language, '*Ek hou van mealie pap!*'" (In English "I like mealie porridge!")

The committee in Bloemfontein was a very energetic one, and the secretary, Mr. Stanley Thomas, was the most energetic of all. He combined spiritual zeal with quiet efficiency. I was delighted with all the letters received from him before the campaign. One of his letters stated:

There has been much rejoicing over the news of the meetings in Durban, for it is a joy to hear of different ministers uniting and waxing enthusiastic. I have had messages from Rev. R. F. Lindsay and Rev. Mr. Slatter to say how successful your meetings were.

We have made preparations for your visit here. The meetings will be held in the Town Hall, which we have taken for the whole period. I am hoping that it will prove too small. A number of united prayer meetings have been held. We have another to-morrow night in the Baptist Church, and one on Monday night in the Presbyterian

Church. Bloemfontein is probably a hard place, but we are praying and believing for revival and we are expecting great things.

May the Lord bless you abundantly, and keep you in good health for your strenuous ministry.

Sherriff and I immediately came to the conclusion that Stanley Thomas was the right man in the right job. As soon as we met him, this opinion was confirmed. His committee was composed of folks who were on fire for revival, consequently there was no internal dissension as in some places where the committee is unsympathetic.

The Tuesday evening meeting was crowded out, and the Town Hall continued to be thus over-full right to the end of the campaign. There was remarkably good publicity—newspaper, leaflets, handbills, posters, and streamers. As a consequence, there was a really good attendance. The Press likewise took a real interest in the campaign. The first report in the *Friend* stated:

Campaign of Evangelism. Mr. Edwin Orr's first meeting. "Lord, send revival to South Africa, and begin first of all with me." This was the prayer which Mr. Edwin Orr made the foundation of his address. The meeting was held in the Town Hall, the doors of which opened at seven o'clock. At seven-thirty, it was already full, and garden chairs were being placed in the aisle. The meeting was opened by Dr. H. C. De Wet who introduced Mr. Edwin Orr and his companion, Mr. A. J. Sherriff. Dr. De Wet offered a short prayer in Afrikaans.

A real expectancy seemed to prevail in the first meeting, and Christian leaders were not slow to declare themselves. This meeting bore fruit next evening, when many Christians were completely broken down,

asking for prayer and seeking revival. Over sixty people professed to accept Christ as Saviour.

The break came on the Wednesday, when quite a number of Christians publicly humbled themselves and asked for prayer for deliverance from their besetting sins. There was nothing very spectacular in that meeting, but I truly believe that a deep work was accomplished. Although next evening's meeting was for Christians, some fifty people publicly signified their desire to accept Christ as Saviour.

On Thursday morning it was my privilege to go along to the Dutch Reformed Ministers' Fraternal. To quote Dr. le Wet:

There were present at this meeting eighteen ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church, from Bloemfontein and other parts of the Orange Free State. The Chairman cordially welcomed Edwin Orr to their midst, and the visitor spoke to the ministers on the revival approach to evangelism. He illustrated the need for revival from Scripture, history and personal experience, pointing out that the key to revival lay with Christian leaders who should be revived first, before the unconverted could be reached.

A personal challenge was added—hindrances to revival being pointed out, such as prayerlessness, laziness in Bible study, lack of love towards God and towards fellow-ministers, jealousy, unbelief, wordliness, cowardice, and secret sin. From the prayers following it was evident that the challenge struck home. There was a pleading with God for revival, and willingness that it should begin in the suppliant.

The question of the sovereignty of God and the free-will of man in relation to revival, was broached and discussed. Another minister wanted to know on what basis there should be co-operation between different Churches, and there was hearty agreement that the basis should be a belief in the Deity and the Atoning work of Christ and in the Inspiration of Holy Scripture.

An ex-Moderator of the Dutch Reformed Church thanked Mr. Orr for his address and wished him Godspeed, on behalf of his fellow ministers, in the great work which

God had called him to do. This meeting with the ministers cleared away possible prejudices, and paved the way for closer co-operation with the mission in Bloemfontein.

One was surprised to note the similarity between the methods employed by Edwin Orr and those of Charles Finney, the American revivalist who did such lasting work last century. Both take a firm stand on the Word of God and make the appeal to the conscience primarily, insisting at the same time upon the necessity of facing each sin separately. Finney considered it impossible to reach the unconverted until Christians got into right relationship with God—a truth emphasised by Edwin Orr. And yet, upon making enquiries from Mr. Sherriff, I found that Edwin Orr had read Finney's *Revival of Religion* only a month previously as they were crossing from Australia to South Africa.

Some friends in America and New Zealand, where my ministry was decidedly experimental, had asked me in different ways: "Haven't you made Finney your text-book?" So I decided to read Finney's book. Sherriff had got hold of a copy of it in New Zealand during our separation from one another: and upon rejoining me in Australia, kept commenting: "I wonder how Finney got all your ideas?"

When I read the book on board the *Nestor* I was amazed, humbled, and yet delighted to find that Finney had been criticised for exactly the same things.

On Thursday afternoon we had a meeting for Women Only. I announced my subject as "the Besetting Sin of Women"—and as a result, the Town Hall was full. I will not tell my readers on what sin I preached—that would be giving the secret away. But it was really amusing to find so many *men* inquiring "Mr. Orr, what are you going to preach about?" To which I replied in our sweet, polite, tactful, gentle, obliging

Irish way "Mind your own business." However, the dear ladies got a surprise. But they got a message as well. Over sixty of them professed conversion.

An amusing thing occurred at the meeting for men of the Pioneer Battalion. I was rather perturbed at the lack of appreciation of Irish humour until I discovered that the men in the King's uniform refrained from laughing in the presence of their commanding officers. They broke their rule once, though. I told them to ask me questions. There was a long silence. Then came the inevitable:

"Who was Cain's wife?"

I remembered someone else's reply and adapted it.

"Look here, my boy. The last man I heard of asking questions about another man's wife was put in jail."

There was a loud guffaw, which made the soldier look sheepish.

"But I haven't answered your question, have I?" I asked. "What was it?"

His confidence returned.

"Who was Cain's wife?"

"That's easy," I retorted. "Mrs. Cain, of course."

I understand that a rather clever atheist had prompted the question. Those men heard the Gospel once again that night. I was glad to have the opportunity of strengthening the hands of the Quartermaster, our godly friend Slabbert, who does fine work in catering for the spiritual side there at the barracks. He wrote to say that they "rejoiced to say that signs of revival appear amongst the Pioneer Boys." Some made public confession of Christ in the Town Hall meetings.

The same day I addressed the students at the Bethshan Bible School. The Principal, an Afrikaner (Rev. C. F.

Scheepers) is doing a really good work here. To appreciate the methods employed in this campaign, readers may find his comments interesting and informative:

In my childhood I received nasty impressions of Irish people: but of late years I have met many true brothers and sisters in Christ from among them. Mr. Orr is another such. He was very sympathetic with the Dutch people who formed about 80 per cent of his audience. This was striking, for we are often looked down upon by foreigners.

Mr. Orr has a great advantage over us trained theologians. He thinks and talks like the man in the pew, and his hearer is compelled to say "He is one of us." His naturalness, wit, humour, sound theology, straightforwardness, and love for his hearers, made a very favourable impression. God, not Edwin Orr, gets all the praise. And the amount of work done is simply wonderful."

The meetings went on, and Friday night's service brought the greatest time of blessing. One member of the committee wrote to tell me of a peculiar personal interest in this meeting.

The meeting last night was wonderful and the old Town Hall (shortly to be demolished) has never seen anything like it before. Due to begin at quarter to eight, there were so many in the street at six-thirty that we had to open the doors. By seven-fifteen every available space was taken. . . . When Mr. Orr addressed his appeal to the unsaved in the congregation, my friend, Jimmy Hendricks, whispered to me in an anxious voice "Pray for two hundred souls." I thought that he was expecting rather a lot, but I admired him for his faith. We got praying while Edwin Orr was talking. I could feel the fervour of his prayer and felt rebuked by my own small faith.—Then the appeal was made. I was humbled before God and was ashamed as I saw the manifestation of his power. There were 211 who accepted decision cards to follow the Lord Jesus Christ. After the meeting, the committee gathered together thanking God while singing "O come let us adore Him!"

Many interesting cases came to my notice. One girl burst into tears in the after-meeting, and told me that she had committed far too many sins for Christ to forgive her. She was in great distress, but eventually received assurance. In my mind is another incident, a girl fiercely upbraiding her sister for having "made a fool of herself" in coming forward. I prayed for the sister. She decided two nights later to "make a fool of herself" too. Many fine young men made the great decision. On Saturday night we had a meeting for the converts and for young Christian workers. Again the Town Hall was overflowing with people. Again there were decisions for Christ.

I had no less than six meetings on Sunday, and there were professed conversions in varying numbers in each meeting. The first meeting was at 9.15 a.m. in the Y.M.C.A.; the second in the Baptist Church at 11; the third at 2 p.m., in the Dutch Reformed Church a few miles out (at Lakeview); the fourth in the Town Hall at four o'clock. The last two services were outstanding in my memory. Dr. De Wet asked me to speak in his big church, North Bloemfontein Dutch Reformed; and as some older Afrikaners attended, I decided to speak by interpretation. I was nervous about this, the first proper Dutch Reformed service in my ministry. Dr. De Wet stood in the pulpit with me and interpreted the message. His ministry in that church has been very faithful, and observers had told me that he was waxing more and more evangelistic in his addresses. He himself told me that he thought his people were ripe for an appeal: but the question of method troubled me. There was an atmosphere of intense conviction—the message, I believe, was concerning justification by faith. I felt that I should not

make it easy for them, so, after many had raised their hands to ask for prayer, I charged those who desired to accept Christ as Saviour to stand before the great congregation and to remain standing; 167 people stood to their feet, and Dr. De Wet prayed with them. There were similar results in the closing meeting in the Town Hall, praise be to God. Christians rejoiced afterwards with me that over 500 people¹ had publicly professed acceptance of Christ in the previous five days.

Many different types of people were touched by the Bloemfontein mission. On one particular night, a party of young ladies from a nearby college attended the service. A teacher wrote to me:

I cannot say if all the hostel girls who professed to accept Christ that Friday night (about 40) and others on the Sunday night in Church *have definitely witnessed for Him* yet. But at a witness meeting in our hostel 39 stood up to say that they had accepted Christ and intended to follow Him. Some were Christians who had definitely received assurance: quite a few were hard cases, not interested in religion before. Our Christians here need to see the responsibility of helping the new converts. Only a few feel the burden for souls. But we have never before seen such a working of the Lord's spirit in making the lost ones hungry for Christ and bringing souls in.

Blessing continued in Bloemfontein. Mr. Stanley Thomas wrote, in the official report:

It is with great joy and thankfulness to God that we set on record the fact that revival has come to Bloemfontein through the medium of His servant Edwin Orr. . . . Ministers and Church workers have often bewailed that Bloemfontein was a hard and difficult place. Certain it is that spiritual death and decay has been rampant for a

¹ Editor's note: Mr. Thomas reported that 1,005 decision cards were taken.

long time—to such a place God sent Edwin Orr. The results of his visit are amazing, astounding even the most optimistic who have been driven to their knees under conviction of their lack of faith in the God of miracles.

After remarking that there “was much opposition and criticism of the usual ‘wet-blanket’ type,” Mr. Thomas described the meetings in detail. The closing meeting he said,

will never be forgotten. Few eyes could remain dry under that soul-stirring theme, the Cross of Christ. With an entire absence of anything in the nature of undue play upon the emotions, some broke down and wept as the Old, Old Story was recounted in all its beauty and glory.

Comment may be made upon special features of the campaign:—*First*, the extraordinary interest of the Afrikaans-speaking people, who thronged the meetings in large numbers. A large proportion of decision cards returned are from members and adherents of Dutch Churches. *Second*, the unanimity and harmony of all sections. *Third*, the absolute absence of sensationalism . . . there were no protracted appeals: indeed it may be said almost that there were no appeals—the responses were instantaneous, a sure and definite sign of the power of God in the midst.

And so, the unexpected has happened in Bloemfontein. Revival has undoubtedly begun, and at the time of writing this report—two weeks later—one can say “revival is continuing.” Last Saturday, we had a “follow-on” meeting in the Methodist Hall—the place was full, and many testified to a work of grace. Yet there is still much work to be done. A huge field is untouched. This campaign is to be followed by the long-awaited visit of the Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher¹. It is our conviction that God has prepared the way for a mighty harvest of souls and that this awakening of the Christians is part of the plan.

In closing, may I add a word of encouragement to those who have to make arrangements elsewhere for a similar

¹ Many hundreds decided in Mr. Fletcher's meetings the following month (September 6-14).

campaign by Mr. Orr. You may meet with opposition, indifference, and adverse criticism—maybe this will come from those who should know better. Don't be discouraged. Pay no heed to the pessimists. Gather around you a band of enthusiasts. Pray without ceasing. Go right ahead with your plans. And then—stand aside and see the power of God. If need be, humble yourself to the dust. And remember, you are banking on the unlimited resources of Almighty God. The unexpected has happened at other places where Edwin Orr has visited. It can happen at your centre too. “*The Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad.*”

The author found that the goodwill created during the Bloemfontein mission among the Afrikaans-speaking people had wonderful results among their co-religionists throughout South Africa. A little bit of love and sympathy goes a long way.

The Orange Free State is a grand country. The area is about 50,000 square miles, and the population is three quarters of a million, of whom less than a third are of European descent. The majority of the people are Boers, and the strongest denomination is, of course, the Dutch Reformed Church. The people are Bible-loving and religious, and a great work may be done if there is intensive evangelism. The people reflect the spirit of the pioneers in their religion. In 1824, Boers from the Cape began to settle the country. British sovereignty was abandoned thirty years later, the republic being founded. Independence was lost as a result of the Boer War, but a few years later the province joined the Union, the name *Orange Free State* being restored. During the Boer War, Kroonstad became the capital for a very brief period. Bloemfontein, the capital city, is a bright, well-laid-out place, with a

population of over 50,000—of whom half are white. Bloemfontein is the judicial capital of the Union, the Court of Appeal being there. The people of Bloemfontein are friendly and happy.

There are many hungry hearts in the Orange Free State, and "they that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled." I am looking forward eagerly to the time when the Lord permits me to lead an international team of young evangelists to thorough work in the province. In the meantime, I hope that our friends will continue to pray for revival.

We had another stirring time in the Orange Free State—this time a week later, in Kroonstad. Some marvellous interventions of Divine providence were necessary, or the meeting would never have taken place. On Monday, August 24, we left Kimberley for Kroonstad via Bloemfontein. A distance of 240 miles had to be covered; we left at noon, hoping to do it in seven hours, allowing one hour for a meal at Bloemfontein. Our first trouble was caused by a big nail which punctured the tyre. Then, thirty-four miles away from Bloemfontein, we ran short of petrol—having been misled by the gauge. Sherriff walked over to a house, but found there nobody but natives, who could not understand him. Our position was decidedly awkward—we had passed only one car in sixty miles, and the nearest petrol pump was thirty miles away. Then Sherriff noticed another farm house, and set off for it, hoping to find petrol there. He was not more than thirty yards away, when another car came over the brow of the hill. I shouted at Sherriff, but he was slightly deaf on account of a cold in the head: so I jumped out and waved the other car to a standstill. It drew up with grinding brakes in a cloud of choking dust.

"Praat U Engels?"—"Ja!"—"We have run out of petrol, so could you oblige us?"—"If we could, we would: but we have not got a spare tin: maybe you could syphon it out?"—"We haven't got a syphon. My friend is a motor engineer, and he would probably know some way to get some petrol out: but he has gone to that farm over there."—"All right, we can wait a minute."

Five minutes went by—no sign of Sherriff. Ten minutes. I went to look for him, but there was no sign at all. Fifteen minutes.

"Look here," I said, "it isn't fair to keep you waiting. You had better go on. My friend might not be able to get the petrol out of your tank anyway."

My heart sank, for our last chance was going. It meant no meeting in Kroonstad. Meanwhile, Sherriff had fallen into a boggy hole, had got caught by the seat of his trousers on barbed wire, and had shouted himself hoarse trying to explain our problem to an old Dutch farmer who was stone deaf. He was unsuccessful, and the old farmer did not have any petrol anyway—so he turned back. At the same time, the other car drew away from the side of the road, changed from second gear into top, and travelled—*twenty feet*. The back offside wheel punctured. Sherriff got back before they had the wheel changed.

He got a piece of tubing out of the car, dipped one end in the other fellow's petrol tank, sucked hard, made a wry face when the petrol reached his mouth, let go, turned the other end of the tube into a basin, and drained off about a gallon and a half of the precious fluid. If it had not been for that puncture, we would not have got to Kroonstad. We reached Bloemfontein, had a meal with our beloved friends, the De Wets and Stanley

Thomas, and finally reached Kroonstad *twenty-five minutes before nine o'clock*. The meeting had been announced for *seven-thirty p.m.*

In the meantime, people began to arrive in Kroonstad at noon in order to make sure of a seat. Some folks motored a hundred miles. The Town Hall was packed out, so the crowds emigrated to the large Dutch Reformed Church: twelve hundred people were there—but no preacher yet. There was remarkable unity among the church leaders, every denomination being represented, Dutch Reformed predikants being there in full force, the Methodist minister, the Anglo-Catholic priest, etc. While the people were waiting, the Dutch predikant and the Methodist parson gave an address each, taking the subject of revival.

The third address was given by the author of this book—I think I started about a quarter to nine. I spoke for half an hour. Then, finding the atmosphere so good, I asked the people to wait another half an hour, and I found great liberty in speaking on the sins of the Christians which hindered revival in Kroonstad. After this fourth address, there was a remarkable response. A Dutch Reformed minister stood to his feet to ask for prayer, then another, and another from among both rank and file. Some confessed their need in Afrikaans: some in English. At least three hundred Christians made public admission of their backsliding.

So, although it was getting so late, I gave the fifth address of the evening, simply preaching the Atonement of Christ. There was a tense atmosphere in the meeting when I decided to make a public appeal. I myself felt nervous, knowing the conservatism of country towns. But endeavouring all the more not to make

it easy, I challenged those who, confessing their sin to God,—desired to accept Christ as Saviour, to come right up to the platform to confess Him before men, and to take a decision card. Not a soul stirred at first: then a young man quietly walked down the aisle. Immediately the aisles were jammed by people, some tearful, some joyful, some coming down from the galleries, some from every part of the church. Three hundred and seventy-two people took decision cards—this number may have included many professing Christians. Neither Sherrieff nor I could believe our eyes: the ministers were amazed. I had spoken rather forcefully about sin, judgment and the Cross of Christ, but I did not expect to see what I did see. There was confusion at first, the aisles being wedged tight with people coming forward. An old Boer began to sing a great old Dutch hymn in a quavering voice: the people joined in, and hymn after hymn was sung as people came forward. A Dutch predikant whispered, "These people don't want to go home"—so I gave a sixth short address to the converts. The Methodist parson got up and announced another meeting to follow up the results. What a meeting. There was spiritual unity which amazed everyone—Dutch predikant with his white tie and Anglican "Father" in cassock seeking blessing together: Methodist and Salvationist praising God together: unconverted turning to God.

Many weeks later I received a letter from one of those who decided—just one letter from an average of over one hundred a week:

I daresay you will not remember me but I am—I guess I will never forget that night—not as long as I live.

I used to laugh at people who spoke to me about religious matters: but that night your words cut right down into my heart. I saw the two roads clearly that night, myself just another soul on the road to destruction. My sins seemed far too many for even Christ to bear, but after hearing how our Saviour hung upon that cross, I knew that it was not for other's sins alone He suffered, but for mine as well.

I am so happy that I have surrendered my life to Christ that I tell almost everybody about it. A friend of mine advised me not to broadcast it all over the town, but I do not want to hide the fact that I am saved. . . .

Last Sunday evening I had rather a surprise at Mr. Fletcher's meeting. Two girls who have a name as two of the fastest in town, went up to the front to surrender their lives to Christ. There was also a fellow whom I know at that meeting, and I prayed that God would convict him, for he needed it. After the meeting, I saw him outside: so I said to him, "When do you intend giving your heart to God?" But he smiled and said: "Glory to God, that's done already. I made my decision at one of Edwin Orr's meetings." Well, I was pleased. I have spoken to many of my pals already, and there are four so far that have decided.

CHAPTER V

THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINES

KIMBERLEY is the centre of the greatest diamond field in the world, and dates from 1870. The Rhodes interests bought out the Barnato interests, in 1888, for over five million pounds: and then the whole of the workings became amalgamated into the De Beers Consolidated Mines, the biggest affair in the world handling diamonds. In the middle of Kimberley is a big hole, more than eight thousand feet deep. This was the original Kimberley mine, closed in 1909. Unfortunately, owing to a diamond glut, the Kimberley mines have ceased to give employment to the many Kimberley people who used to find work there. Depression has set in.

In Kimberley, I came across a fresh *spoor* left by God's honoured servant, Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher. His visit to Kimberley was certainly owned of God. A strong committee representative of the various churches made the necessary arrangements, and the evangelist was welcomed in the Trinity Methodist Church. In spite of a poor Press, crowds thronged the City Hall night after night. Rev. George Alexander wrote of the Men's Meeting: "What an audience it was. Kimberley has not seen the like of it for very many years. The admission was by ticket, of which 2,000 were distributed, and the subject advertised was 'The Man

with a Punch—a Red-hot talk on a Red-hot subject.' They were not disappointed when he called a spade a spade, smiting sin hip and thigh, and revealing what a terrible thing it was to fall into the hands of the living God. What a fine response there was when the appeal was made—no less than 104 men of all ages came forward and many were seen wending their way to the enquiry room, through blinding tears." Many different classes of people were reached. All told, there were 592 professed conversions during Mr. Fletcher's visit to Kimberley. The crowds increased as the campaign went on. Among the Evangelicals, a very lovely spirit of sweetness was left behind. I met many Christians who were still praising God for Lionel Fletcher's visit: I met likewise many young people who were born again at that time.

A month later it was my privilege to minister the Word of God in Kimberley. Rev. George Alexander was a great help in the campaign, lending invaluable aid. The week-night meetings were held in Trinity Methodist Church, and there was a good attendance from the commencement. The minister of that church and the Baptist minister, and several Dutch *predikants* were warm in their support of the mission. Many other ministers stood aloof, but I was not surprised to learn that those who avoided helping were the same men who tried to undermine converts after campaigns. One minister had actually scolded some of his young people for letting him down by deciding during the campaign. And so I was not surprised that he did not help me.

It occurs to me to say that my fellow-evangelists get a great deal of criticism whenever it can be said that not every convert has stood. In my experience, I have

found that if one nurtures and nurses a baby it will grow—until it takes care of itself. On the other hand, if one leaves it out in a field without food or warmth, it perishes unless adopted by others. I know of one minister in a certain other South African town who complained that "these converts of evangelistic campaigns don't stand long"—and I found out that he himself fed his converts by telling them that the Bible is hopelessly unreliable, that Christ was unbalanced in certain respects, that the Virgin Birth was a myth. I did not wonder that those who signed decision cards which were committed to his care did not last. These experiences of leaders who pleasantly identify themselves with popular evangelistic campaigns and then criticise and undermine the converts afterwards, has made me make one resolution for the future, God willing: that is—to see that there is follow-up work in every campaign hereafter, especially when the proposed international team is functioning. Quite recently I was reading *Triumphant Evangelism*—the late Kennedy Maclean's record of the Torrey-Alexander missions. It quoted from an inquiry made by *The British Weekly* into permanent results. Torrey quietly pointed out that almost every minister who stated that he got nothing out of the missions, *put nothing into them* or opposed them.

The Kimberley campaign progressed. There were decisions for Christ in practically every service—over 100 made public profession of Christ in five days. There were many interesting cases to be dealt with—young folks especially. Each night the church was filled.

I am not likely to forget the Saturday evening service. Sherriff and I both felt discouraged in the campaign:

we knew that there was opposition: but we also knew that there were many earnest people praying for more definite blessing. In consequence, we spent a special time in prayer for Saturday and Sunday. Although Saturday's meeting had been announced at short notice, there was a good crowd filling the church. The message dealt with the deeper blessing: so in making a challenge, I myself first knelt at the communion rail and asked Mr. Alexander to pray for blessing for me. Scores of Christians followed me, and many were in tears at the altar rail. When the challenge was given to the unsaved, a couple of dozen of them walked boldly forward and knelt there. We had the joy of leading them to Christ.

On Sunday we moved into the City Hall and the crowd followed us. In the evening an even larger crowd gathered for the farewell service. We had a very blessed service, and there were scores of decisions that night. Quite a number of people waited for the after-meeting for converts, and eagerly drained in the advice given for carrying on the Christian life.

After the campaign was over, I discovered that sixty per cent of the professed conversions were made by Dutch Reformed people: eighteen per cent by Methodist folk: eleven per cent by Baptists—the figures indicating the truth of the statement “the more one puts into a campaign, the more one gets out.” The Dutch Reformed people and *predikants* gave warm support: two Methodist parsons and their people were wholeheartedly behind us: and the Baptist minister was there every night. There were also folk who indicated on their decision cards that they had been connected with the Anglican Church, the Lutheran, Seventh Day Adventist, and Mormon.

During the whole of the time spent in Kimberley, Sheriff and I stayed with the Rev. George Alexander, the Methodist minister of Beaconsfield. His fellowship was simply wonderful: his hospitality (although in a bachelor establishment) unbounded: and his helpfulness unfailing. He certainly appears to be the live-wire of Kimberley. His people are wonderfully behind him.

The Press support of the campaign was the worst in South Africa. I hear that the editor of one paper, instead of being a true journalist and catering for the demands of the influential section of Christian opinion, decided to ignore it in order to show his disapproval of these “evangelists who think they ought to improve the place.” The Durban, Maritzburg, Bloemfontein, and Cradock papers gave generous support to the campaign. But of course, being a sort of journalist myself, I know that when a journalist is “tough,” he is “tough.”

And so the Kimberley campaign came to an end. It was mixed as far as everything was concerned. There were many cases of the fullest surrender of Christians to God: there were many splendid trophies of God's saving grace among converts. There was opposition and there was criticism. Quite frankly, I think that the majority of Christians in Kimberley have a long way to go before being stirred to real revival. There will be a section of Christian people ahead of the others, though, until such time when all the leaders humble themselves.

Two hundred miles north of Kimberley is Mafeking, already mentioned in this narrative. On 31st August, we flew from Germiston to Mafeking, returning early next day to be in time for a meeting in Johannesburg. In spite of counter attractions, the Town Hall of Mafeking was filled to overflowing, and more than 50 people

professed conversion at the close of the lengthy service. The majority of these were Dutch Reformed, followed by Methodists and Anglicans. The meeting was arranged by the three ministers—Revs. Murray, Proctor Lund, and James.

A minister in Mafeking sent the following report:

Edwin Orr came to Mafeking in answer to prayer, and his visit will be remembered for a long time. For a week prior to his visit, Ministers and Members of the Anglican, Dutch Reformed and Methodist Churches gathered daily for prayer. This in itself was a miracle—for Mafeking.

Long before the hour announced for the meeting, people were flocking to the Town Hall, and folk coming a little before the time advertised were surprised to find it difficult to secure a seat. Two lorry loads of folk from Lichtenburg (40 miles away)—and car loads from Zeerust, came to participate in the blessing.

When Mr. Orr mounted the platform, he saw what had not been seen here before—the Town Hall crowded for an Evangelistic Meeting. He was soon on the best of terms with his audience and his adventures in many lands were followed with delighted interest as he spoke of God's control and God's leading.

Then came the challenge, searching, loving, compelling. The hearts of Christians were deeply touched as he pleaded for a full committal to God, and many felt the need for and heard the call to re-surrender. Following this faithful talk to God's children, came a message to the unconverted . . . and God spoke again through His messenger. In an atmosphere of quiet worship and prayer, many signified their desire for a new life in Christ.

The messenger has passed on but the work remains. Restitutions have been made, problems have been solved—lives have been cleansed and changed. We thank God, and with every confidence and joy we go forward, echoing the words of another servant of God. "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER VI

THE VISIT TO PRETORIA

At noon on Tuesday, August 25, we motored out of Kroonstad and crossed the Rival Vaal into the northern province, the Transvaal. Stopping in Vereeniging for dinner, we motored on through Johannesburg, and arrived at the Post Office in Pretoria at six o'clock. The road between Vereeniging and Johannesburg and thence to Pretoria is beautifully surfaced, unlike the other South African roads.

Pretoria is the capital of the Transvaal, and the administrative capital of the Union of South Africa. It is situated amidst beautiful hill country at an elevation of 4,500 feet. Its population is over 80,000—of whom 60,000 are of European descent. The streets are well laid-out, and are planted with oaks, willows, and flowering jacaranda. I greatly admired the Government Buildings of the old Boer Republic, now occupied by the provincial administration. There are other fine public buildings, but none so outstanding as the Union Government Buildings, a magnificent pile situated on Meintjes Kop and commanding splendid views of the country all around. I thought Pretoria a very beautiful city.

We became the guests of Rev. and Mrs. J. Charles Stern. Mr. Stern is in charge of the Baptist Church in the capital, but will soon become the evangelist

of the Baptist denomination in South Africa, a position for which he is well equipped indeed. I had heard of him from many people far and near.

Tuesday, Twenty-fifth. We had a good meeting to-night, the Wesley Methodist Church being full. Revs. Webb and Stern were there to welcome us. At the close of the service, one man after another stood to his feet declaring, "If God shows me anything wrong in my life, by His grace I'll put it right." This helped forward an intensity of expectancy—the best preparation for a campaign. I made no appeal to the unconverted present in the meeting. This Pretoria campaign is under the auspices of the Pretoria Ministers' Fraternal, but there is room for a great deal more enthusiasm on the part of the Ministers.

Wednesday, Twenty-sixth. We had a lunch hour meeting to-day from 1.10 p.m. till 1.50 p.m., and had to move from the Hartley Hall to the larger Wesley Church. In the latter place there was a Women's meeting, when I spoke on "The Besetting Sin of Women"—a never-failing attraction for a subject. They got surprises all right, but after speaking to the Christians, I made an appeal to those who lacked knowledge of salvation. A score of ladies professed decision. One of those who waited behind was a Roman Catholic, a French lady who asked me to explain the Gospel in French. I managed to recall some of my French and talked to her about spiritual sight. She told me as we parted, "I want to believe, but I have many doubts." I told her to stop doubting her beliefs and believing her doubts: rather to believe her beliefs and doubt her doubts. I think she is converted. She signed a decision card and seemed to prize it.

The evening meeting was utterly packed out. Rev.

J. B. Webb, M.A., the minister of the church, was in the chair: Mr. Stern was the only other minister on the platform, besides two visiting Dutch *predikants* from outside Pretoria. There was a definite break to-night, the meeting bearing much fruit. Christians began to confess sin and seek revival, half the congregation confessing backsliding. At the end of the address, I simply quoted "Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out" and many sinners repented. I have noticed that when revival breaks out among the Christians, the unconverted require little persuasion. Over fifty raised their hands during prayer: and when I asked them to stand up before the congregation to take their decision card, still more professed to accept Christ. My new French friend was there: introduced me afterwards to a German Roman Catholic fellow: five of us went to a restaurant for a cup of tea: I did not give him an overdose of religion at first, simply told him what God had done for me, in the hope of persuading him to come to the meetings. I think he will.

Thursday, Twenty-seventh. We had a Ministers' Fraternal Meeting this morning at nine-thirty. There was quite a good attendance, but there were some absentees on account of a critical letter sent up by a liberal minister in Durban. I felt that the meeting was strategic, for I guessed that a good deal of prejudice had to be broken down. Speaking on experience at first, it was easy to see that their sympathies were warming towards me. At 10.15 a.m., we had a cup of tea. Dr. MacMillan, the world-famous South African leader of the Oxford Group, greeted me in an exceedingly friendly manner. Although I cannot see eye to eye with some of the Group friends, I have always rejoiced to hear that "Mac," as the Groupers call him

is an ardent soul-winner. All my Evangelical friends, some of them critical towards the Group, speak well of Dr. MacMillan's zeal. He is the Presbyterian Moderator of General Assembly. I found him to be a very lovable man.

After tea, we continued. I spoke to them on Ministers' problems, dealing very frankly and (I hope) faithfully with the hindrances in a Minister's life. A spirit of conviction came over the meeting: minister after minister prayed for individual cleansing and revival: there was no professional praying—each man poured out his heart in Afrikaans or English. Before we separated, I pointed out that I wanted more support from them in this campaign. They took the gentle rebuke well. Seven of the ministers supported me that night.

The noonday meeting was well attended. Chairs had to be brought into the evening service and a good crowd was thus accommodated. It was very gratifying to see the response of the young Christians to the challenge. One after another they stood up to declare a full surrender to God. I was especially thrilled when a soldier declared in a clear voice, "I'll go all the way." When the evangelistic appeal was made, scores of people publicly professed repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

I stayed until eleven o'clock dealing with some who had difficulties. One young man admitted that he was concerned about himself, especially when he saw how sure other people seemed. But he said that he could not believe. After dealing sympathetically with each point raised, I suggested that he should pray after me, repeating my prayer if he meant it, and keeping silent if he could not pray thus:

"O God, if there be a God, hear my prayer." "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." "Cleanse me from my sin." "Make me a child of God to-night."

"Do you think that God would tell a lie?"

"No."

"He has promised to cleanse you—thank Him now for cleansing."

And then I pointed out that "as many as received Christ, to them gave He the power to become the sons of God, even to those that believe on His name." He received the assurance, and went away happy. So did another.

I received a letter to-day from Mary Etheridge, of the University of Georgia, ten thousand miles away. Readers will remember that she was secretary of the Evangelical student group there. To-night, in glancing through the decision cards, I find that another *Mary Etheridge*, of Pretoria, has accepted Christ as Saviour. Yesterday, I had the pleasure of meeting the brother of Edgar Hallet, our host in Jamaica—the world is a small place.

Friday, Twenty-eighth. Another well-attended noonday meeting in Wesley Church. I spent some time in talking to people with problems. We had a very blessed meeting in the evening, when many people professed conversion. Mr. Stern thought it the best meeting yet, feeling conscious of the power of the Spirit amongst the people.

Saturday, Twenty-ninth. Sherriff and I went over with Mr. Stern to see Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher at Germiston. He was very busy, but had made the arrangement specially. He greeted us cordially and graciously, being glad to see Sherriff and Mr. Stern again. I thoroughly enjoyed every minute that we spent with him, noting

his graciousness and humility and humour. After a few minutes, he and I were alone in discussion: he had questions to ask me, suggestions to make; and I asked his advice, and told him our plans for the future, in which he was tremendously interested. My friend, Mr. Chapple, had warmly described his personality to me, but my impressions are even more glowing than my friend's warm tributes.

We had a near escape from death on the way back to Pretoria. I called to see Bill Honer, a rollicking Irish friend of mine in the ministry in Boksburg. After we left his house, we passed through Benoni. Two friends of Mr. Stern (sisters) were in the back seat.

We saw a motor lorry approaching us at about thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. Suddenly it crossed right over our line of approach—ten seconds further along and we would have been smashed to matchwood. As it was, the heavy lorry bounced on the bank, and, before our horrified eyes, turned two complete somersaults. I guessed immediately what had gone wrong—the steering rod had broken, and it had punctured the hydraulic brake system besides.

We three men rushed over the road. Neither Mr. Stern nor Sherriff saw the terrible sight that I saw first, an Indian with his head shattered. I rushed back to the car to forbid the girls to get out. In the meantime Mr. Stern was bandaging the head of a native, and Sherriff was attending to another fellow. On the lorry there had been an Indian, two natives, and a coloured driver. One of the natives and the coloured driver escaped serious injury. The driver was utterly distraught.

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" he kept crying. "Oh, the Indian man is dead: Oh, God, he is dead. What'll I do?"

I tried to soothe him. He told me what happened, and appealed piteously for help. He told me something about the Indian which startled me. It appears that the Indian, a customer of the firm, asked him for a lift to Johannesburg. Just before the accident he looked at his watch, and said,

"Half past twelve—my watch is fast. However, every minute is numbered by God, and every day. We do not live a minute longer than He allows."

He was a Mohammedan and a fatalist. Thirty seconds later, the brains that controlled his speech and formed his words were dashed out on the road. I shudder every time I think of it.

As soon as we got the injured native out of the ditch and sent for the ambulance, I took the driver for a walk. He was a "nearly-white" and very intelligent. But his speech was almost incoherent at first. I pointed out to him that he had been miraculously spared to support his wife and child. I asked him if he had been prepared to die. The coloured folk are naturally religious, and I was not surprised when he told me that he had neglected God. Half an hour later, while we were waiting for the police I sat beside him in the ditch and listened attentively to his prayer in Afrikaans. He was pleading with God for forgiveness of sin. I believe that the horror of the smash brought him to repentance and saving faith. He vowed his whole life's service to God, and kept assuring me that the Lord had sent me to him in his need.

All day to-day, the memory of the scene is vivid before me—two men in a motor smash: one beyond spiritual help and the other miraculously spared to make his peace with God through Jesus Christ. I vow to God my last drop of blood or last drop of sweat to

win the lost. I am grateful to God for protecting us from injury: but more still for giving me a deeper passion for perishing souls. God deliver us from glib tongues in talking about eternity. I looked upon Death to-day: the sickle of that dread Reaper was stained with blood. I am writing this in Mr. Stern's study: all my sins, all the wasted years come up before me. God knows I want more and more to hate sin and love sinners from now on. In a single minute I saw a man, for whom Christ died, speeded into eternity—without hope. *Christian reader, reading this—how many brands have you plucked from the burning?*

We had a meeting at the hospital to-night—there were some tough cases among the nurses who gathered. I preached with the motor smash before my eyes. Over a dozen nurses accepted Christ as Saviour. There was a spirit of great conviction in the meeting, for I spoke bluntly about sin. But nurses often get callous through contact with the dead and dying, and refuse to be influenced at all. Nevertheless, it is good to know that there are many Christian nurses and sisters in Pretoria.

Sunday, Thirtieth. Five young ladies professed conversion at the Y.W.C.A. this morning. Another thirty-two people took decision cards at the Baptist Church. In the afternoon, I spoke from the pulpit of Sunnyside Dutch Reformed Church to over a thousand people. About forty waited behind to decide. Sherriff preached in the Baptist Church this evening at 7.30 p.m. Two thousand people gathered for the farewell message in the large downtown Dutch Reformed Church, and over one hundred stood to their feet to indicate acceptance

of Christ as Saviour, and took decision cards signifying acceptance of Salvation. This caused much rejoicing, for it meant that 534 had taken decision cards. Human nature is a fickle thing, and human intelligence is sometimes dull, so I like to make full allowance for the fact that a few people signed cards without appreciating the significance of it. In each address I tried to make it clear that those who knew that they were born again need not sign cards: but that *backsliders* from a past profession who had lost all assurance of salvation, and *professing Christians* who have never had a real experience of conversion, and *admittedly unconverted people* ought to make decision for Christ. Allowing for any people who misunderstood the appeal, it is good to know that over three hundred people professed to accept Christ. We were able to estimate from the counterfoils that 55 per cent of these adhered to the Dutch Reformed Church; 20 per cent Methodist, 9 per cent Church of England, 9 per cent Baptist, 3 per cent Lutheran, and the remainder included Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and folks belonging to Full Gospel, Christian Science, Mormon, and Seventh Day Adventist causes.

Later, Rev. J. Chas. Stern of Pretoria wrote:

For many weeks groups of Christians in Pretoria have been praying in expectancy for the coming of Edwin Orr. Now that he has been and gone, we cannot but feel that Pretoria has been greatly blessed in his visit. For myself especially and on behalf of my church I thank God for his visit. Many of my people have been led to confess sins and put matters right that were wrong between themselves and fellow Christians.

From Tuesday to Thursday Edwin Orr addressed a packed gathering in the large Methodist Church in the centre of the city. Night after night as he spoke to Christians,

hearts were searched and deep conviction of sin was felt and confession made. This resulted in unsaved seeking the Lord, and during the Campaign some 530 decision cards were signed. We praise God for this, but it was amongst the Christians that we felt the stirring of revival. The expectancy among those who were expectant became reality.

The end is not yet. We believe that many will yet be reached as a result of this Mission and that God has indeed challenged Pretoria concerning revival. We shall follow with keen interest and most earnest prayer His servant as he travels from place to place. We do pray that South Africa may indeed experience a time of reviving as in other countries. This has already begun in Durban and Bloemfontein and we believe will continue in the day to come.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE GOLDFIELDS

THE population of the Transvaal is nearly three and a half million, a quarter of these being Europeans (820,000), Indian and Coloured accounting for 70,000, and the remainder are natives—about two and a half million. The Transvaal has become more prosperous since the rise in price of gold, and Johannesburg, the biggest city in South Africa, has grown by leaps and bounds.

Some 400,000 natives work in the mines, and these are drawn into service from all over South Africa and Central Africa. Among the natives, many languages are heard—Zulu, Xhosa, Seshuto, and a host of others. The Johannesburg goldmines provide one of the greatest opportunities for missionary work—perhaps we could say unrivalled anywhere. The men go back to their tribes—sometimes after learning the vices of civilisation: sometimes after learning the way of salvation.

I shall never forget the Sunday morning that I spent in the native compound of the City Deep mine. We started at nine o'clock, gathering a big crowd around us in the open-air. My interpreter was a Mr. Baker, whose knowledge of native ways is profound. By fluent language and by descriptive gesture, he conveyed my message to them—a simple message of the Cross of Christ and the Cleansing of Sin. They listened well. I left Mr. Baker to make an appeal. He got them all

kneeling and praying, and then invited those desirous of seeking forgiveness of sin and salvation to come and kneel at a form. Soon twenty men were kneeling in the dust before us. Mr. Baker led them carefully, step by step, to accept salvation. It was heartening to hear them pray together. These professed converts were of the Xhosa, Shangaan, Bechuana and Basuto tribes.

As the meeting continued, we sang hymns in Zulu. A look of consternation and amazement came over the faces of the European onlookers when I stepped up on the form again, and told the leader to tell the natives that I would sing by myself in Zulu. I sang it correctly, I think: and the natives were delighted. The words were something like this:

Wa ku fel' u Jesu:
Wa ngi fela mina:
Wa ba fel' abantu bonke
Beze ba sindiswe.

I had heard the chorus only twice before that morning but as it had a "catchy" tune, I soon picked it up. The meaning might be rendered thus:

Jesus died for you:
Jesus died for me:
Jesus died for all mankind,
That they saved might be.

Very enthusiastically, they passed a vote of thanks, asking me to return and work with them for three months. I thoroughly enjoyed the meeting.

The Johannesburg campaign was arranged by the Evangelistic Committee of the Witwatersrand Church Council, a council representative of the Churches of

the district. Mr. Michael Fleming, evangelistic secretary, carried the heavy end of the organising burden, and carried it well. The campaign was a great success from the commencement.

The opening evening meeting was held in De Villiers Street Baptist Centenary Hall, which was packed out completely. I made no appeal to the people, other than challenging the Christians to expect blessing and revival. An expectancy was prepared. Mr. Fleming was disturbed in mind about accommodating the people—the place was packed out. Earlier that day we had a meeting of ministers and leaders: and there was a time of real heart-searching, confession and blessing. It was a good omen of the blessing that followed.

The organisers were likewise surprised at the crowd which packed the noonday services in the Wesley Hall. We finally had to move to the large Methodist Central Hall to make room for those who came in their lunch hour. In one of these meetings it was amusing to notice the attendance of men, men standing around the walls and sitting at windows. The subject announced for that day was "Women's Besetting Sin."

We had two meetings at the University, the second one having a record attendance for a religious meeting. I did my best to stir them up, arguing with Communists, Atheists, and Free Love Moralists. I did my best to call a spade a *spade*, to call a sin a *sin*; lust was *lust*, and wrongdoing was *wrongdoing*. As I expected, many students were resentful, but the address made them sit up, and will prepare the way for personal soul-winning. One of my friends was greatly disturbed in mind over the amount of criticism arising. I thought it was a good thing. I asked him:

"Who criticised?"

"Some of the students and lecturers."

"Were they Christians?"

"No. At least, the majority were unconverted."

"And among the professing Christians, who criticised?"

"Well, chiefly some of our more liberal-minded Oxford Groupers."

"All right," said I. "Were there any out-and-out, born-again Christians among the critics?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well," I replied, "I did not expect my denunciation of sin to please impenitent sinners. And I did not expect my enunciation of the remedy—the cleansing of the Blood of Christ—to please those who prefer psychological reformation. It is a good sign that there has been criticism."

And later on, I heard of conversions through that meeting.

I spoke at two schools one morning, and at the latter one, Landlaagte Orphanage, there was a good response to the message—about one hundred young men and young women standing to profess acceptance of Christ. At that meeting, I very nearly went asleep while I was speaking on account of sheer tiredness and overwork. At a Men's Fellowship meeting in Hope Hall, I felt led to speak rather bluntly about sin. Many men were under conviction, and seventeen walked to the front to declare their acceptance of salvation.

On Wednesday evening we had another good meeting in De Villiers Street Baptist Centenary Hall. Confession of need and requests for prayer followed the challenge to the Christians, and at the end of the service, quite a number (144—I think) of unconverted people made decision for Christ and remained behind to be dealt

with. On Thursday evening we moved to the larger Methodist Central Hall, and were utterly packed out again. On Friday evening the same thing happened—only more so. And on Saturday evening we had another full house, an amplifier being laid on to a neighbouring hall. Over sixty people decided each night. It is interesting to note that three quarters of the converts waited behind, and the returned counterfoils showed that 55 per cent were Dutch Reformed, 15 per cent Methodist, 8 per cent Anglican, 4 per cent Baptists, 3 per cent Presbyterian, and the remainder included such varieties of church adherence as Congregationalist, Union Church, Salvation Army, Brethren, United Church of Canada, Apostolic, Elim Pentecostal, Full Gospel, Lutheran, Seventh Day Adventist, Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, and Christian Science! One of them, possibly trying to curry favour, had put "*denomination Irish*." That, I suppose, is really *super-denomination*.

Many were the Christians dealt with during this campaign. Advice was sought regarding restitution to be made: problems were solved: and scores of people testified of having entered into fulness of blessing. One such person, a young lady, wrote me a letter simply telling of entering into a deeper experience. She enclosed a beautiful prayer written by herself thereon:

Lord, at Thy Cross, I humbly bow,
Opening all my heart to Thee—
Calling on Thee to cleanse me now,
That from all sin I may be free.

Help now, O Lord, my unbelief:
Let me surrender all to Thee:
O take away my shame and grief,
That I may know Thy purity.

Jesus, I feel Thy presence near—
Gone is the burden of my sin:
Now, to my heart set free from fear,
Wilt Thou, dear Saviour, enter in?

Lord, use me now to do Thy will,
For Thy great love has made me whole:
Strong in Thy faith, my place I'll fill—
As Thy deep peace has filled my soul.

Sunday proved to be a busy day. I went out to the Mines to speak to the natives in the morning. Then, in the afternoon, we had a great meeting in the Bijou Theatre—packed out by two thousand people. The atmosphere was very close in this meeting, so I took the opportunity of speaking specially to the ladies on the subject of fainting. No lady, I said, ever thought of fainting when alone, so it would be foolish for any lady present to faint when the menfolk could not find room to carry her out. As was expected, nobody fainted after this warning. The farewell service was likewise held in the Bijou Theatre, and was even more crowded. In these two services hundreds of people professed acceptance of salvation. Between these services I had the opportunity of speaking on the radio from the Baptist Church. I made no evangelistic appeal in the church, but suggested that any who were listening-in should write to me to tell of conversion. It gave me great joy to receive letters from many who decided for Christ while listening to that broadcast message.

The Johannesburg campaign was now finished as such with over 500 conversions. Mr. Fleming and I discovered that at least 1,064 people took decision cards in five brief days—that being the number of enquirers responding to the evangelistic appeal. The majority

of them were dealt with, but a certain proportion found no facilities for personal contact—them I leave to the Lord. He knoweth His own. I felt that my thanks were fully owing to our good friend, Mr. Michael Fleming, the dry-humoured Scotsman, who bore the brunt of the organisation. I had many laughs at his expense. For instance: in talking about personal work in Glasgow before a crowded audience, I noticed a smile on the face of Mr. Fleming.

"Do you know the Dumbarton Road, Mr. Fleming?"

"Man, I do," he replied, thinking of days gone by.

I turned to the crowd.

"Dumbarton Road is full of pubs," I informed them. There was much merriment on the part of the crowd, and some amused chagrin on Mr. Fleming's face. Sherriff happened to be away that night preaching in Roodeport, so Mr. Fleming said to me:

"I wish Sherriff were on the platform with you every night."

"Why?"

"Oh, well. When he is there, you make fun of him and the English. And when he is away, you make fun of me and the Scotch."

Weeks later, Sherriff and I used to speak one to another of Michael Fleming's spontaneous kindness. We thanked God for him. We also relished greatly the hospitality and fellowship of Mr. Frank Huskisson and his friends at Hope Hall, where a grand work for God is carried on. Mr. Huskisson was an associate of the saintly Andrew Murray in days gone by. We were glad that it had been arranged for us to stay with him: not only was the place central, but the congenially warm Christian atmosphere left nothing to be desired. One other man who particularly impressed me was

Karlton Johnson, a graduate of Moody's, now engaged in Sunday School work in South Africa. I predict that South African Christians will hear more about this energetic young man, for it seems evident that God has given him a vision regarding revival in the Union.

Rev. Lionel Fletcher's ministry was greatly appreciated in Germiston, where his much-blessed campaign terminated as ours began in Johannesburg. I was glad to get first hand information from friends who had studied his methods, being myself eager to learn the secrets of his power in God's work.

And so we left the Reef, full of gratitude to God for all His goodness.

CHAPTER VIII

TRAVELLING SOUTH

THIS chapter covers the visits to Cradock, Queenstown, East London, Grahamstown, Port Elizabeth, and Beaufort West. Each place is situated in Cape Province, but is a long distance away from Capetown.

From *The Midland News*, Tuesday, August 18, 1936.

Held up for some time a few miles out of town by the breaking of an axle of the motor car in which he was travelling, Mr. J. Edwin Orr did not reach Cradock until about 7.30 p.m. last evening. In consequence, the large audience in the Dutch Reformed Church, after the Rev. J. H. Malherbe had explained the cause of the delay, spent the time in some very hearty singing of old revival hymns.

Later on Mr. Orr arrived, and when he entered the Church to make his way to the pulpit there may have been a feeling of surprise amongst the congregation to see so youthful a man. . . .

Acceding to a pressing invitation, sponsored mainly by Mr. G. A. Stevens, to give Cradock at least one service, Mr. Orr, instead of proceeding direct from Bloemfontein to Kimberley, very kindly made the wide detour south.

This report gave two full columns to the meeting, and mentioned that Christians "indicated their desire for prayer. Mr. Orr then made an earnest appeal to the unconverted, to which there was a large response."

Sherriff and I were guests of Rev. J. H. Malherbe, at the *pastorie*, and we much enjoyed it. Mr. Stevens,

who was converted under Rev. Lionel Fletcher's ministry, was exceedingly kind to us. He seems to be the liveliest wire in the neighbourhood. It was in Cradock that Sherriff exchanged our Ford for another Ford which has since been giving us good service. In the meantime I had to proceed alone to Kimberley, Sherriff following two days later. Many letters followed us from Cradock people who had been blessed during the meeting.

From Johannesburg, I arranged to fly to Bloemfontein, where Sherriff had motored down with the express purpose of making a dash to Queenstown. By any other means of transport it would have been impossible. I arrived at ten-fifteen at the Bloemfontein Aerodrome to find the indefatigable Stanley Thomas and our good friends Dr. and Mrs. De Wet to welcome me. Sherriff turned up a minute later. Mr. Thomas was very satisfied with the continuing blessing of the revival meetings, and I heard that Rev. Lionel Fletcher had experienced much blessing in the opening meetings of the Youth Evangelistic Campaign. I was pleased to see our friend Mr. Thomas once again. We had a light meal with Dr. De Wet and our charming hostess, and then had to set off on a 250-mile dash southwards.

Queenstown—8,000 European population—is a beautiful town situated in picturesque country and used as a holiday resort by many South Africans. When we arrived there, people were filling the Town Hall for the meeting. The Advertising Slips had drawn attention to *Queenstown's Mission to Youth*, advising the people to come and hear Dr. Howard Guinness and the author. Dr. Guinness had had good meetings on the Saturday and Sunday, many appreciative comments being made.

The Monday night meeting at which I spoke was well attended, and at the close of the service about seventy people professed to accept Christ as Saviour (131 decision cards were taken). It was an enjoyable meeting.

We reached East London, over a hundred miles away, at noon next day, and had a good meeting with the ministers right away. In the afternoon, the Baptist Church was packed out, and we had another splendid meeting. At six o'clock there was an over-tea conference of young people, where I spoke principally to the Endeavourers. An hour before the evening meeting, Trinity Methodist Church was filled, extra seating being put in, and an overflow meeting held in another hall. 1,200 people heard the message. After confession of need on the part of the Christians, there was a gratifying response from the unsaved—nearly two hundred taking decision cards at the close of the service. Rev. William Meara, a fellow-countryman of mine, was my host, and with the Baptist minister, Mr. Herringshaw, carried the burden of arranging the meetings. It was interesting to know that he knew so many of my Irish Methodist friends. God is greatly using both brethren, Meara and Herringshaw, in East London and district.

From East London we motored to Grahamstown, and arrived there at 6.30 in the evening. Our friends had taken the Shaw Hall for the Service. Here is the report written by Rev. B. H. Marshall, our kind host:

In response to a cordial and hearty invitation to visit Grahamstown—extended by the Grahamstown Evangelical Church Council—Mr. J. Edwin Orr and his companion, Mr. Jack Sherriff, arrived on Wednesday, 9th September.

As it struck 8 p.m. the large congregation that had assembled in the Shaw Hall (packed to its utmost capacity) eagerly awaited the appearance of Edwin Orr to join the

ministers of the Free Churches, already on the platform. He arrived during the singing of the second hymn. There was a strong sense of expectancy that might bless His servant and that a soul-stirring message might be given.

The singing of Edwin Orr's hymn, "Search me, O God," made an impressive interlude which preceded one of the most heart-searching addresses ever delivered to Christians in Grahamstown. He spoke of "hindrances to revival," and there was a wave of conviction which must have swept through every heart, causing many to confess publicly that they had been hindering revival by the sins of prayerlessness, criticism, cowardice, etc. Many asked for prayer.

A short but effective address to backsliders who lacked hope, churchgoers who lacked assurance, and those who had never given their hearts to God, was followed by a good response. About 90 received cards of decision.

Edwin Orr will be remembered for his uncompromising message, his fearless declaration of the whole counsel of God, his dealing with the subject of sin in plain words. Many parents will thank him for what his message has meant to their sons and daughters and to themselves.

The meeting closed sometime after ten o'clock. It was a great meeting.

The Port Elizabeth Campaign was arranged by the Church Council, and we had good times from the commencement. The meeting for ministers in the Presbyterian Manse was one that will live long in my memory, for there the leaders were broken down and humbled before God. There seemed to be real revival in many hearts in this and other meetings. The City Hall was packed on the first evening, and we completed the mission in the Feathermarket Hall with a thousand people attending. Over one hundred people professed conversion, but we were handicapped at first through running short of decision cards—5,358 people having taken decision cards in seven weeks

exceeded the most optimistic preparations. The Port Elizabeth Campaign was a good campaign, but there were limiting factors: it lasted only four days; comparatively few outsiders attended, the meetings being crowded with established Christians; I was physically tired; and I needed more spiritual power myself. Sherriff and I will remember well the kindness of our hosts, the Carter family, and likewise we thank God for the sanctified zeal of our old friend Mr. Bentley, the secretary of the committee, and the co-operation and friendship of the ministers was a cause for praise.

On the Monday morning at 8.40, we motored out of the city and had a tiring journey of 264 miles by car to Beaufort West, an important railway junction and airport. Here the three ministers, Dutch Reformed (Rev. J. Rabie), Methodist (Rev. J. Lionel Sheasby) and the Anglican Rector sponsored a meeting in the big Dutch Reformed Church. It was packed to overflowing with 1,400 people. The service lasted two and a half hours, the people draining in the three addresses that I gave, heartily singing in between. The results of this single meeting may be compared with the visit to Kroonstad. After prayer was asked publicly by Christians seeking revival, 341 people took decision cards signifying acceptance of salvation in Christ or restoration from backsliding.

Next day, we motored three hundred miles south to Capetown. Our dear friend, Mr. Rabie, wrote later:

Mr. Sheasby is full of the trip he had with you. "Speak about ten thousand miles of miracle," he said, "with Sherriff at the wheel it was miracle all the way."

CHAPTER IX

CAPETOWN CAMPAIGN

We motored into Capetown about 5.30 p.m., the car covered with dust. Our first business was to see Mr. P. B. Shearing, the hon. organiser of the Capetown Campaign and of the South African tour. Sherriff had already met him, and his adjectives, he assured me, fell far short of the impression he wanted to convey regarding the splendid character of Mr. Shearing. Our hon. organiser is well known in South African business circles as the managing director of Stuttaford's, a firm known all over the Union.

Like Sherriff, I find myself rather short of adjectives. P. B. Shearing is, first of all, kindness personified: secondly, his calm, cool, collected way of doing things takes the ordinary person's breath away: he is a deeply spiritual man with a remarkable degree of common sense: and he is a sport. The quiet efficiency of his work makes a very deep impression on everyone.

Mr. Shearing is hon. secretary of the Capetown Evangelical Christian Fellowship, which body sponsored the campaigns of the Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher in South Africa, introduced other overseas speakers, and helped my work greatly by acting as organisers and clearing house for inquiries. Their committee arranged

the Capetown campaign, Mr. Shearing bearing the heaviest burden in the arrangements.

Sherriff and I were cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Shearing. We had already met one of their sons: the other is on the mission field: and four talented daughters make up the family. It had been arranged that our good friends, Dr. and Mrs. Moore-Anderson, would look after the two travellers: and as we had had the pleasure of meeting them several times before (overseas) we both thoroughly enjoyed our stay at Thornhayes. The spiritual fellowship was a tonic.

Of the Cape, Sir Francis Drake wrote: "This is a most stately thing, and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth." Certainly Capetown is situated in most wonderful surroundings. The city was founded by Johan van Riebeck in 1652 as a station of the Dutch East India Company—at first it was meant to be nothing more than a refitting station, but inevitably it became the gateway to the southern portion of Africa.

The population to-day is 280,000, of which 150,000 are Europeans by descent. The remainder is a mixture of races. Capetown is the legislative capital of South Africa, and is a most important port.

The climate in this part of the globe is somewhat like that of the French Riviera or Naples. There is plenty of sunshine: it rains about twenty days in the year. The rain is of the sudden, heavy variety.

Table Mountain is 3,549 feet high—indeed a very beautiful mountain. The scenery around the peninsula is very attractive. Indeed, I think that the scenery in this part of the Western Province is as beautiful as any elsewhere in Southern Africa. The City itself and its suburbs are well laid out. Sherriff

and I, with Miss Shearing and Mr. Rowland,¹ went up to the summit of Table Mountain to see the view. It was magnificent—I mean, what we saw of it, the visibility being nothing more than three yards in any direction. What thrilled us, no doubt, was the magnificent grandeur left to the imagination. And so, we descended by the same method whereby we had ascended—the cable car. Some folks have described Table Mountain as incomparable—I did not find it so, for it reminded *me* strongly of Snowdon, Wales's highest peak, which (I well remember) was completely draped in clouds with visibility *nil* just like Table Mountain. In fact, the scene which greeted my eyes at the top of Snowdon was exactly the same as at the top of Table Mountain—I could not see anything.

I was thoroughly tired in Capetown. As a matter of fact, I felt so tired that I went to see a doctor, who ordered me off from all meetings, and gave me a bottle of medicine as well. It is possible that this was a decided factor in the Capetown Campaign, for although I went on as usual, I felt exhausted each night and morning.

One of the first letters I received in Capetown was from Rev. Thomas Loose, the hon. secretary of the Cape Peninsula Church Council, of whom Rev. P. G. J. Meiring is president and the Rt. Rev. S. W. Lavis (Coadjutor Bishop of Capetown) the vice-president. "Please allow me on behalf of my Council as well as myself to welcome you to Capetown. We sincerely trust that your coming may be the means in God's hands of a real deepening of spiritual life among Christian people and that many now in darkness may

¹ Of whom almost everything written of his close associate, P. B. Shearing, could be repeated. He, too, was very kind.

be brought into light and know a true deliverance from sin's dominion."

The Cape Church Council very kindly arranged a meeting in the Y.M.C.A., where, after morning tea, I was asked to address them.

I think that the best meeting of the series was this meeting for ministers. The Chairman (an Afrikaner) made fun of his English-speaking friends, saying that poor Afrikaners could never hope to attain to the level of the superior Englishman, or that of the intelligent Scot, or that of the fiery Welshman: but an *Irishman*—well, an Irishman was different: he was *human* just as much as the Afrikaner. The Secretary of the Church Council having read letters of apology from the Archbishop, and the Dean, and others who were unable to attend, I was invited to go ahead. The message was well received, and bore excellent results—almost every man present praying individually and earnestly for forgiveness of shortcomings and for revival. I heard of apologies being made, and readjustments in the spiritual life.

The Capetown Evangelical Council had arranged a splendid programme of meetings, principally noonday and evening.

The Lunch Hour meetings were well attended indeed, the Y.M.C.A. hall in Long Street being crowded with business people. I enjoyed those three meetings on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. On Friday afternoon, we had a huge crowd of women gathered together in the Groote Kerk, in Alderley Street: and some made their decision for Christ. Several interesting letters were received as a result of the brief message given over the radio on Thursday afternoon—the Hospital Broadcast service.

On Thursday, Sherriff brought along a message from Rev. Lionel Fletcher, who was passing through Capetown on his way home to England. I went down to his hotel to see him, and then we went out into the Gardens, took a seat, and had a long and interesting yarn. I sought his advice on several matters pertaining to evangelistic methods, and he gave me appreciated help. It was a most interesting contact: for I believe that Lionel Fletcher's work is noted for thoroughness among evangelists to-day, and I wanted to learn more about his successful methods. On the same evening, I went along to his "Farewell to South Africa" service in the Methodist Church and listened to a stirring message to the young people.

Up at Germiston, Mr. Fletcher had told me, with great gusto, of an amusing incident which happened on the Rand. A native was giving evidence in court regarding an accident case, and he rather convulsed the court by saying that it was the fault of "a Presbyterian." He meant *pedestrian*, of course. The magistrate thereupon told the native, "You don't know what a Presbyterian is," and the native, still thinking *pedestrian* insisted that he did. Finally, when pressed for his definition, the native explained that "a Presbyterian is a man that doesn't know where he is going."

Now in Capetown, in one of my addresses, I made reference to some Presbyterian friends, and then—with accurate detail—recounted the incident referred to. I made no mention of Mr. Fletcher in it. Next evening, at his farewell, what happened but that the Empire Evangelist told his audience about the native and his Presbyterian, recounting the story in precisely the same words that I had used publicly. I felt my face getting warmer and warmer: Sherriff sniggered

beside me: the crowd laughed a great deal more when Mr. Fletcher told the story than when I did: and I noticed that the chairman gave me a distinct grimace of amusement. If ever Mr. Fletcher sees this in print, he can take it as an apology—I will never do it again.

Next day, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher sailed away home to England. They left a trail of blessing behind them, many thousands being won for Christ during their all-too-brief, second visit. I have met converts brought to Christ through Lionel Fletcher's ministry, and have found them decidedly progressive. In spite of whispers from gossipy folks who love to imagine people at variance, it was felt in many places that our revival campaigns and Mr. Fletcher's evangelistic campaigns dovetailed. If that is so, I know of one incident that illustrates it. Mr. Fletcher caught my arm that evening in the Methodist Church and said:

"I say, I want you to meet a converted prize fighter. . . ."

And I shook hands with a convert of the Lionel Fletcher Capetown Campaign. The pugilist immediately told us:

"And my mate, another boxer, was converted in Mr. Orr's meeting the night before last."

The Kerkraad of the large Dutch Reformed Church having put the church at the disposal of the Fellowship their great kindness was immediately taken advantage of by the organisers, and our evening services were held there. We had good crowds all along, and there was decided blessing, with many sinners waiting behind in the vestry to be dealt with in an after-meeting. Unfortunately, the galleries of the beautiful church

are awkwardly placed for accoustics, and as many people there complained, Mr. Shearing had extra seats put in front downstairs. Rev. van der Merwe, minister of the church, is an out-and-out evangelical with a gospel message; and so we got along very well. Other Dutch Reformed ministers showed much sympathy, and there was spiritual support from leaders of every denomination.

Everyone was surprised at the Press publicity given the brief campaign. One Capetown paper gave a large size photograph of the crowd and the preacher; and another paper followed suit with two pictures taken in the City Hall, where the Friday evening meeting was held. Both these newspapers gave long write-ups to almost every meeting. A third paper, catering for a different public, sent along a reporter to the first meeting—a man who seemed unsympathetic to evangelistic work. His report was unfair and lopsided, and a handle was given to a small minority of critics. The editors made amends by sending along more sympathetic men, and giving very fair and very full accounts of interviews. But the damage was done. All sorts of comments and threats reached me. I gathered that I ought to be chased out of the country for “wearing a brown suit while preaching”; that it was “perfectly scandalous to wear a buttonhole” (consisting of one of God’s loveliest roses, no less); and as for the fact that I had permitted people to learn the unknown melody of a devotional hymn by humming and whistling it softly in a preliminary part of the service—why I was worse than a heathen man and a publican. But I may add that the type of person who criticised the rosebud and suchlike is the same type that encourages the unconverted to sit at the

Lord’s table and risk the condemnation. The storm blew over: but not before it did the meetings harm. Some folks refused indignantly to come to hear a “heretic.” Their “heresy” sometimes was nothing more dangerous than “allowing people to smile in church.” In this respect, I would say that the Afrikaner people of the Western Province compare most unfavourably with the Afrikaners of the less-cultured (?) Free State and Transvaal. The bitterness would have to be experienced by the reader to be imagined properly.

However, many trophies of grace were won for God, and hundreds were dealt with in the Groote Kerk vestry, chiefly those seeking salvation. Over 300 people signified decision for Christ in four days: and many letters were received from people who had been revived.

But in the campaign generally, there was not the degree of revival felt in certain other places. Several things may account for this—I was tired out: and the people may have been looking more to me than to themselves as the channels of revival from the Lord. Then there was very bitter criticism of a very petty nature. And one can think of other reasons.

I had four meetings in Stellenbosch. One for ministers and theological students was greatly blessed. The other three in the New Church were well attended and there was blessing—quite a number of souls professing conversion. But in Stellenbosch I met with the same criticism—not criticism of my methods in Stellenbosch but repetitions of Capetown comments on rosebuds and brown suits and humour in church. I felt handicapped in such an atmosphere of pettiness and caution, and my ministry suffered in consequence. I was told by a warm-hearted friend that I should have spent more time on revival than on the evangelistic

message, remembering that there was plenty of profession in Stellenbosch and much less possession. I think he was right. If I had been in better health, I would have preached a message of rebuke, and would have smitten sin hip and thigh, especially the sins of pride, slanderous criticism, and fault-finding, and hypocrisy, and lack of charity—for many Christians in the Western Province suffer from such.

As I had been compelled to cancel the engagements at the Strand Conference following medical consultation, I was compelled regretfully to say good-bye to Rev. F. J. Liebenberg, of the S.C.A., his friend Crous, and the very kind ministers who stood by me in Stellenbosch. Truly the support and fellowship received from Afrikaans-speaking ministers of the gospel has been worth the visit to South Africa.

CHAPTER X

IMPRESSIONS

THE ignorance found in all parts of the world regarding South Africa gives me the *raison d'être* for this chapter of information to which I add my own impressions.

A friend of mine, a South African lady, went to visit some people in the United States. One of her hostesses came to the train to meet her, but was unfortunately handicapped by the fact of never having met her guest. The hostess waited on the platform: so did the guest: and at last the guest made known her name. Her hostess was much embarrassed.

"I thought you would be black—are not South Africans black?"

And Americans are no worse than British people. Mention the Ivory Coast to some Englishmen, and they will say:

"Oh, yes. It's in the *Empah* somewhere. It's in *Africar*, I believe."

Whereas it belongs to France.

South Africa may be properly described as that part of the Dark Continent to the south of the Zambesi—but as the Union of South Africa, a much smaller area, is often called *South Africa*, the term that we shall use is *Southern Africa*.

The earliest inhabitants of Southern Africa were in all probability the Bushmen, primitive people living by hunting just as they do in the Kalahari Desert to this day. The Hottentot, a stage further advanced, is rapidly dying out. There are certain similarities between the Hottentot and the more primitive Bushmen. Their languages are extremely primitive, and abound in "clicks" and peculiar sounds. These people must not be confused with the dark-skinned Bantu tribes. Both Hottentot and Bushmen possess yellowish skins.

The origin of the majority of natives in Southern Africa—the Bantu—is obscure. They are distinct from the pure negroes—some say that they are negroes with a strong admixture of Hamitic blood from Egypt. It will surprise most people to know that the Bantu peoples are recent invaders of Southern Africa—indeed white men had settled in the Cape before the Bantu tribes had conquered what is now Zululand. The Bantu tribes came across the Zambesi in two distinct lines of march. The name *Bantu* has been given to all the peoples of kindred language—including Xosa, Zulu, Seshuto, Karanga, there being 274 different dialects.

In the meantime, Dutch settlers arrived at the Cape, followed by English. Their advance north and east put a barrier in the way of the conquering Bantu tribes. Bantu history, from that period onwards, is the story of war and conquest, the rise and fall of kingdoms, the massacre of whole tribes, indeed a bloodthirsty record. Zululand was incorporated in Natal: the Transkei is administered by the Cape: but Basutoland, Swaziland and Bechuanaland are direct Protectorates of the British Crown.

Missionary enterprise began with the arrival of the Moravian George Schmidt, in 1737: but he was driven out

by the Dutch, who refused permission to build churches for the natives until the arrival of the British. Since then, the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyans, the Rhenish Mission, the Paris Evangelical Society, and the Berlin Mission have set up work which rapidly succeeded. The Anglicans spread their work from 1848: and the Dutch Reformed Church has done a great work among the Coloured people. Missionary effort has been the pioneer in the matter of native education.

There are two million or more white people in Southern Africa. Portugal was the first European country to take an interest in Southern Africa (1486). A century later the Dutch fought the Portuguese and began to drive them off the seas. Then followed the British, who finally took the Cape in 1806, and nine years later British possession was ratified by the payment to Holland of £6,000,000. At this time the population was 26,700 Europeans, holding as many slaves. The condition of the Colony greatly improved, but friction between the Government and the Boers culminated in the great Boer Trek of 1835, resulting in the foundation of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal.

In 1876, the independent government of the Transvaal was at the end of its resources: its exchequer was empty: and Cetewayo was preparing to pour his Zulu armies into the country. So to save the country from collapse, and to prevent a massacre of the white population, Sir Theophilus Shepstone annexed the Transvaal. A promise of home-rule was given (1877) which, had it been carried out, might have made the Dutch settlers loyal citizens of the Empire. Rebellion came in 1880, and Britain gave up the country again.

Friction continued with blame on both sides, until Dr. Jameson's raid in 1895. In 1899, the Uitlanders appealed to Queen Victoria against the Transvaal Government: and a few months later, the Transvaal and the Free State declared war. Both sides, of course, justify themselves: but one good thing that came out of the evil was the Union of South Africa in 1910, uniting Cape Colony, Natal, Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. One factor causing a great deal of bitter racial animosity was the memory of the concentration camps—a harsh measure designed to bring to a close the continued fighting. But it has been truthfully said that English-speaking and Dutch-speaking South Africans would have settled down long ago had it not been for party interests trying to keep the bitterness alive. In 1933 the two leading parties, broadly-speaking representing the two sections of Europeans, formed a Coalition and then fused. This has brought political peace hitherto unrealised in South Africa. Comparative prosperity has come to the country since 1933 when the Gold Standard was abandoned.

At the present time, the population of the Union of South Africa consists of about two million Europeans and eight million natives and half-castes. The official languages are English and Afrikaans—the latter is extremely easy to learn. The census showed that 57% of the Europeans were Afrikaners; 34% British and British Colonial, 4% Jews, 2½% Germans, ½% Hollanders. English is understood over the greater part of South Africa. Bilingualism is increasing. It is noteworthy that the first authorised Afrikaans version of the Scriptures made its appearance as late as 1933. The Afrikaans Bible, published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, aided by the Afrikaner Churches,

is a masterpiece of literary effort. Over a quarter of a million copies were sold in the first year.

Many people have asked me for a comparison between South Africa and other countries. Here are a few ideas.

First of all: South Africa is *not* and never will be a white man's country. It may be a country dominated by white men, but it is not a white man's country like Australia or Canada. The Europeans are outnumbered by 4 to 1: and the natives are increasing much more rapidly than the whites. South Africa benefits from a superabundance of cheap labour and suffers from it, too.

Of course, there are many sides to the question of colour prejudice. It is a bread-and-butter matter, for unless the native and coloured person is made "to keep his place" someday he may displace the white man. In Natal, there is a great outcry against the Indians. But who brought the Indians there? The white man who wanted cheap labour. In the Cape, comments are made about the increasing number of coloured people. Who brought them there? The white man's interest in native women is the cause. The Bantus themselves are very intelligent, and respond tremendously to education. So that, either they must be kept ignorant or else they will demand a share of civilised life that the white man is not prepared to give them. My sympathies are with South African legislators—they have evergrowing, complex problems to deal with year by year.

One of the great problems in Church life is with the coloured people. Many church people wish to show their sympathy with less-privileged coloured brethren: but they draw the line at mixed social life. Many

coloured girls are almost white—some pass for white—and they are eager to get a white husband. Supposing a white man and a coloured girl marry: it is more than likely that one of the children will revert to a very dark-skinned native type. Hence European parents, while eager to show Christian charity towards their coloured friends, discourage mixed social life, with its picnics and other opportunities for falling in love. It is a problem—how to preserve race purity and yet crush race pride.

Another feature of South African life which makes it different from other Dominions is the number of small towns. The Afrikaner is more responsible for this than the Englishman. There are no cities over half a million in population: and there are only three over quarter of a million. But small towns are scattered throughout the country—a splendid idea for the development of the country. But South Africa's population will always be limited by the lack of water.

But I believe that South Africa has a great future. It has multiple problems: but it has also the strength of character of both Boer and Briton now working for the common weal. It has a fair share of statesmen, now happily uninterested in racial self-seeking. Hertzog and Smuts the world knows: but I might predict that Jan Hofmeyer—incidentally a devout Christian—is a coming leader.

South Africa is one of the most religious countries of the world. The Dutch Reformed Church has by far the largest number of adherents—50% or nearly a million adherents, worshipping in 366 congregations and 194 mission churches. The training college is at Stellenbosch. There are smaller Dutch churches—the Reformed Church of South Africa and Die Nederduits Hervormde Kerk.

The principal English Church in South Africa is called "the Church of the Province of South Africa," founded 1870 by Bishop Gray, an Anglo-Catholic follower of Dr. Pusey. At that time the Church of England viewed the separation and separate constitution with disfavour. There are several "Church of England" churches in the country—in Capetown, Johannesburg and Durban. These adhere to the Low Church point of view. Over 300,000 people belong to the Anglican communion, or 18% of the European population.

Next comes the Methodist Church of South Africa, with about 110,000 (1 in 16) adherents: then the Presbyterian Church (80,000 or 1 in 20): the Roman Catholics and the Jews (each 70,000), Baptist and Lutheran (each about 20,000), Congregational (10,000), and certain other smaller denominations.

This gives a bird's eye view of the situation numerically.

Spiritually, the outlook in South Africa is very hopeful. There are signs around that the country is on the verge of a great religious awakening—I hope that the people will not be blinded by gold dust in their eyes and so miss the vision. Prosperity has often produced backsliding on a national scale in the U.S.A. Nevertheless, I believe that South Africa is on the verge of a nationwide revival. Unity of heart and purpose among members of different denominations; prayer-groups of intercessors meeting everywhere—in big cities and little dorps; spiritual hunger in congregations; a new and more favourable attitude to evangelism; the gradual disappearance of racial animosity; a willingness of the man-in-the-street to discuss religion; and a heartfelt cry among true believers of "revival at

God's price." Christian leaders everywhere are discussing revival; visitors are noticing things and commenting on them. Revival is coming to South Africa.

Before giving impressions, let me recapitulate. This tour of South Africa lasted eight weeks, and covered about 12,000 miles. 120 meetings were addressed, or an aggregate of over 100,000 people. These meetings were held chiefly in Town Halls and large churches. There was revival in varying degree according to the willingness of Christians: and there were gratifying results among the three thousand (or more) sinners who sought salvation. (Over 5,600 decision cards were taken.)

I am never afraid to speak frankly of my own work. The chief weakness was on the evangelistic side. In some places, the enquirers were as well dealt with as in any evangelistic effort in the world, receiving decision cards, publicly and outwardly confessing Christ, receiving instruction, and being followed up, all with individual problems being helped. About three thousand were thus handled in spiritual sympathy. But there were those who were not fully dealt with—and I take the blame. I have had only fourteen weeks' experience in practical evangelism, and my methods are still crystallising. That is why I asked so many questions of Lionel Fletcher and that is why I adopted similar methods in many places. Nevertheless, without excusing the lack of thoroughness, let me say that those who profess to decide *in revival atmospheres* show a convincing degree of assurance, for in revival, the Holy Spirit of God does *His* work unhampered by the usual hindrances among Christians.

Another weakness was due to physical tiredness. I

received additional strength for exceptional stress, but I am convinced of this—that one cannot do one's best work without regular rest periods. If I continue in this type of work, I expect to take relaxation and quiet for one month each year: one week each month: one day each week.

But in looking back over these campaigns, there is much for which to praise God. I made friends, and I made enemies: saw amazing results and saw poor responses: was praised and was criticised. But the chief stand-by in a preacher's life is to feel the blessing of Almighty God upon his labours, to bask in the sunshine of His approval. Apart entirely from results, the Word of God was preached without fear of man: and I believe that this is more than half the battle. The Spirit of God knows how to follow up His own work.

And now, as for impressions: I know perfectly well the risk of writing down impressions. Those whom I please will say "What an appreciative mind Edwin Orr has" and those who are not pleased will say "What presumption to write like that after eight weeks." I have received so many warnings from friends about being "awfully careful about offending South Africans" that I ought to be frightened out of saying anything. I love the South Africans, and so I intend talking frankly. I am not offended at being called indiscreet, but I would be hurt if I were called a coward. It is a well-known fact that the spectator often sees more of a game than a player, hence the recording of impressions of such a brief visit. Impressions must be taken as impressions, however.

The greatest factor in preparing the way for a revival in South Africa is the attitude and influence of the

Dutch Reformed Church. From the Afrikaans-speaking point of view, it is a national institution, amazingly virile and equally spiritual. As has been noted, one half of the European population belong to this communion, and it has a remarkable influence over them. The Afrikaner people themselves are both devout and earnest, and their loyalty to the great Dutch Reformed Church is deeply-rooted in true love and appreciation.

Doctrinally, the Dutch Reformed Church is an example in loyalty to the Word of God and the teachings of Christ. It is orthodox and fundamentalist in its thinking and quite scholarly in its leadership. There is a facile creed in certain circles in Christendom which states that fundamentalism and scholarship are poles apart. The Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa, like several other bodies, knocks that creed to pieces.

Everywhere I found Dutch Reformed ministers out-and-out for blessing. They know that their Church is loyal to the Word of God, but they also know their need of the reviving Spirit of God without Whom their preaching cannot tell. In consequence, the great majority of these ministers are eager for revival and willing for evangelism. It is a fault, however, that they seem to be waiting for some revival visitation from outside. Revival will come from within—they have enough of talent and fervour to set the veld afire. Let it be said again, the majority of ministers of South Africa's largest Church are willing for revival. It is still the Church of Andrew Murray and it still believes in evangelism.

The Dutch Reformed Church is strongly Calvinistic in doctrine—a factor which helps and sometimes

hinders. In discussing revival with a group of its ministers, I told them that Finney's maxim was a good one—to preach the *sovereignty of God* to professing Arminians and to preach the *free-will of man* to Calvinists. The message, therefore, that the Dutch Reformed Church needs is 'Prove Me now, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.' Revival will come when the Church pays the price.

The common people attached to the Dutch Reformed Church are hungry for blessing. Of the 50% of the population which belongs to this Church, very few are irreligious—indeed, the term "ungodly" is a term of reproach to the average Afrikaner. Although most of the Afrikaner people are deeply religious, very many do not know the joy of assurance of salvation. The facts of the Gospel are well-known to them—but they hunger after the assurance. A revival among the Afrikaners will transform professing Christians into possessing Christians.

The Dutch Reformed people are more emotional than their English-speaking friends—but they are not shallowly emotional. A minister once asked me why they lost so many converts of evangelistic campaigns to the little, extreme sects. I told him that their appetites had been awakened, and it was the denomination's own fault if they went elsewhere seeking spiritual food. It is true that the more extreme sects have made inroads into the Dutch Reformed Church—but I have never heard of a very-deeply spiritual individual Church suffering loss. The people of these Churches are all right—I could not say that they require to be evangelised like the pagan masses of England and America: they

require to be *vitalised*. They already know the doctrine—but they need life more abundant.

If then, both ministers and people seem to be willing and eager for revival—are there any obstacles? If you are a Christian, you who read this, pray for a revival in the Kerkraads. In many instances, I have discovered that the members of the Kerkraads are as eager as their ministers. But more often they stand in the way or lag behind. Knowing their power but lacking initiative, many Kerkraads take refuge in saying, "Well, it has not been done by our fathers—so it won't be done by us." And that settles it. A minister once turned to me and said pathetically, "I wish my Kerkraad were converted." I am not trying destructive criticism, for I must say that these good men generally err while trying to be zealous.

There is another influence at work against preparation for revival. It is often referred to as the New Calvinism. The author himself makes no apologies for being a moderate Calvinist, but never quarrels with his Methodist and Salvation Army friends of different opinions. But the dangers in this New Calvinism are great. For instance, the author himself was criticised for having preached in the open air—"thus lowering the standard of the sovereignty of God." One also heard the advice given "never to preach in the open air in case some who are not predestined to be saved should attempt to become converted." The New Calvinists are generally opposed to *conversion*—except for heathens, of course—believing that it is sufficient to baptise a baby and then get him to "come to church and that's all" kind of attitude. This New Calvinism finds its chief protagonists in Afrikaners who have been influenced by the dry-as-dust orthodoxy now

prevailing in some parts of the Continent. I mentioned these things to a leading Dutch Reformed minister, and he repudiated them for his Church, saying that he knew that the "New Calvinism was trying to influence the Church, but that we still remain at heart the Church of Andrew Murray. We believe in evangelism, but we need a revival to make us evangelists."

In my opinion, the Dutch Reformed Churches of the Free State and the Transvaal are much further ahead in spiritual progress than those in the Cape, and looking back confirms the impression of the "at-any-price" eagerness of the high veld districts. Especially in the Western Province does one find narrow-mindedness. Quite recently there was a strong modernist-fundamentalist controversy there, in which one's sympathies are altogether with those who defended the denomination against the danger of ultra-liberal thought. But the dry-as-dust conservatives were eager to take advantage of the reaction against modernism in order to quench the rising tide of progressive evangelism. I hope that my words will not offend anyone, but I can say that I found more bitterness and lack of charity and fault-finding in the Western Province than anywhere else. Nevertheless, it must be said that very many leaders in the Western Province are eager for revival and evangelism.

Yet another comment—it is strange to find so many of the bitterest preachers of race-hate among teachers and ministers. As an Irishman, I have every sympathy with the aspirations of the Afrikaner people: but these ministers who dabble in politics ought to be told, I think, that their business is "to mind their own business"—which is the care of souls. The South African people are not being oppressed—it is easy to

see that they have the freest of free democracies. Paul's words, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content," might have a bearing on the question. But again in fairness, let me say that I am now referring to a tiny, though militant, minority.

I love the Afrikaner people—they are great-hearted. I admire their leaders in the spiritual realm, men of proven loyalty. But let me say, if they fail just now in the work of God and in fulfilling the conditions for revival that the country needs more than anything else—then their judgement will be worse than that of Capernaum. I am glad to say that I do not think that they will fail in their mission. I believe that revival is coming.

Now turning to the English-speaking churches (to which some Afrikaners give adherence of course): there are many signs of revival among them, too. The Methodist Church has some splendid old leaders of true, John Wesley fervour; and a significant number of younger men of the same type are making themselves felt. It is true that this denomination has suffered greatly on account of ultra-modernist leaven; but the Methodist Church of South Africa reminds me of the Irish Methodists who are second to none, among Methodist Churches, for evangelical emphasis. Of course, there are strong opponents of evangelism in South African Methodist circles. I know that one Methodist minister, handed a bundle of decision cards signed by people who adhered to his church, tore them up before the committee, and said "That's what I think of evangelism." Nevertheless, the bankruptcy of modernism has been proven, and a great number of Methodists who have tried to quench their thirst at the broken cisterns of liberal thought and institu-

tionalism, are now returning to the work commended to them by their great founder—the winning of souls. I know of several groups of younger Methodists who are going to do mighty exploits for God. The people are waiting for them; and God Himself is watching them, looking for His instrument.

The Baptist denomination has an influence out of all proportion to its numerical strength. Again I can compare it with its Irish counterpart for loyalty to its standards. The Baptists are going ahead in many ways—and will begin a progressive programme of evangelism this year. Nearly all the Baptist ministers are on fire for God. The pastors are certainly doing the work of evangelists as well. There is little or no opposition to the preparations for revival. But, as in other countries, the Baptist cause sometimes suffers on account of personal and congregational differences. What's the good of evangelism if there is a church row going on? But, thank God for the zeal of the thousands of Baptists in South Africa and their generous missionary interests.

The Presbyterians show signs of preparation for revival, too. Although they have suffered like the Methodists in the matter of liberal thought, there is a spirit of eagerness among their ministers and laymen that speaks well for the future. I did not come into much contact with the Lutherans—some, I hear, have quite an evangelistic outlook, and others, I understand, haven't. The Salvation Army is doing a good work everywhere and is hoping for revival.

Turning to the Anglican communion: first of all, the minority—those who adhere to the Church of England "by law established"—are of the Keswick type of Evangelical Churchmen and are very interested

in revival and soul-winning. But they have only half-a-dozen churches, and cannot get episcopal recognition. The Church of the Province is Anglo-Catholic in practice—more so than any other section I know. But even here, one gets surprises. Some of the Anglo-Catholic rectors are tremendously interested in revival. In four instances, each time in a country place, the rector helped my meetings in every possible way. One declared (when asked if he would help) that he did not see why an Evangelical Catholic should not help an Evangelical Protestant to preach the Gospel. I pondered a great deal over this. I hope that my mind has broadened since I left home, and I gladly recognise that the Anglo-Catholics put the Cross in a very central position. How some of them manage to preach *conversion* and believe what they do, I cannot see: but if they want to help me to win souls, they are very welcome. In certain places, the Anglicans boycotted or ignored my campaigns: and in others, they helped considerably.

There are not many Brethren in the Union, but these few are broad-minded and friendly to all who preach the Word. The Pentecostal groups are quite helpful, but some go to extremes and create prejudice against themselves as sects. Although not dotting my i's or crossing my t's the same way as the Pentecostals, I am glad of their co-operation provided they respect the sinking of doctrinal differences for the time being. These folk are generally unpopular, but that does not affect my love for all who are truly God's children.

Yes—every denomination shows some signs of revival. Revival has already begun in several places: and even taking South Africa as a whole, over 15,000 professions have been made by people seeking salvation, during the past few months—that means a thousand

such decisions a week under the ministry of various evangelists, chiefly Lionel Fletcher. This is the result of revival in degree.

One thing I know—in my own campaigns, there was revival in varying degree always in proportion to the willingness of the Christians to pay the price. Where there was little blessing, there were hindrances: where there was much blessing, there was eagerness.

Among the students, there are extremely hopeful signs. The Student Christian Association of South Africa is obviously following the splendid lead of the Inter-Varsity Fellowship of Great Britain. Its leaders are avowed Evangelicals—with very few exceptions. Dr. Howard Guinness's visit has been of tremendous use—I think that he is a most thorough evangelist and splendid personal worker. He is extremely popular with students and he is a specialist.

The greatest sign of revival is the multiplication of prayer groups all over the country. In the biggest cities, in the smallest dorps, intercessors are pleading for revival. Their prayers will be answered. I heard Rev. Lionel Fletcher make a significant remark (I quote from memory) "I like to hear of these prayer bands everywhere, but it will be a great thing when they go out and *do* what they are praying for." Some day soon the prayers of the intercessors will be translated into action—'twill be a great joy for those who have prayed for the conversion of loved ones to lead them to Christ themselves.

I dreamed a dream.

I saw a team of younger evangelists with a flaming message of revival and soul-winning, carrying the message to the shores of South Africa. I saw great

crowds gather in the larger cities: and crowds as great come in from the country to the dorps. I saw the unity of ministers with ministers, leaders with leaders, one denomination with another, and it was a unity that made them weep for the lost and perishing. Then the fire fell. Multitudes were brought to the valley of decision.

First, the Christians paid the price; turned from the bondage of their sin to the liberty of life more abundant in Christ; set right the things that were wrong; confessed their sin unto God; were reconciled fully to their neighbours.

Then the multitudes in the valley of decision found the peace for which they sought and Christ was glorified. Sinners were converted: backsliders returned: the fallen were raised: and churches were thronged to hear the Word of the Lord.

In my dream I saw another team of young men—ministers of the Word, pastors of South African Churches—following the team of evangelists, themselves evangelising, teaching, building up, linking together. I saw some of my friends in it. In my dream, I saw towns being stirred. I saw the critics ashamed and silent, and the enemies of God put to flight. *The dream was a picture of revival throughout South Africa preparing the way of the Lord.*

I believe that vision will be realised. It may not fall to my lot to share in it, but if it does, I am all for it. God willing, I hope to return to South Africa in a few years in the company of a dozen men on fire for God. Already my South African friends are volunteering to form the auxiliary team visualised. We would want to visit every dorp and every town, giving each Gospel-

hardened city another campaign, and telling forth the Good News in far-off country places hitherto neglected.

Is it possible?

Is a South African Revival possible?

Is God able?

Of course it is possible.

You, who are just now reading this, can you find your place in the realisation of that dream? You may be the servant God is looking for.

"Is it possible?" asks the South African believer.

"Do you want to witness it?" asks the dreamer.

"If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, *ye shall ask what ye will*, and it shall be done unto you," says the Lord of the harvest.

CHAPTER XI

"YE SHALL ASK WHAT YE WILL"

A COLUMN in the Johannesburg *Star* caught my attention one day in Pretoria—the 22nd of August, 1936, was the date, I believe. I read it through and through again.

The Power of Prayer
Challenging Lecture by Dean Inge
Evidence on results is negative

From a Special Correspondent—London, Saturday.

The time-honoured comforting ideas about the efficacy of prayer were shattered by Dean Inge in a challenging lecture at the Modern Churchman's Conference at Oxford, showing how in the conflict between reason and faith the former seems to be gaining ground.

Dean Inge said he once had a letter from a good lady, who said, "I have been praying for your death. I have been successful in two other cases." Tracing the history of divine petitions, he said, he found that there had been a great change in the past generations towards caution and diffidence. We now prayed with less assertiveness than our grandparents, and on the average, less for earthly favours.

Dean Inge pleaded "without impiety" for a statistical inquiry into issues where controversy was so rampant, but not on the lines of an alleged test carried out some years ago in adjoining wards of a hospital. The occupants were the subject of special intercession by a large body of the faithful. That controversy was not conducted in an edifying manner.

Spokesmen on the orthodox side seemed to evade the fair, plain question "does prayer have an external effect which can be statistically measured?" Such questions should be investigated because they were questions on which the Christian ought to have some opinion.

We cannot say offhand, for example, that there cannot be a connection between the course of a disease and the prayer that the disease may take a favourable turn. It is a matter which must be decided by the evidence. I believe the evidence is largely negative.

My friend turned to me after we had read this paragraph, and said quietly:

"It is pathetic, isn't it, to think that a man in the position of Dr. Inge should have so little evidence of the power of God to answer prayer, *in his own life*, that he can make such statements."

Space and time would forbid dealing with these points raised by this "challenging lecture" but one cannot resist making a few comments. Newspaper reports of ecclesiastical utterances are notoriously unreliable, and it is possible that Dr. Inge's statements in question have been distorted. Except in the last paragraph quoted above, it is by no means clear whether Dr. Inge was giving expression to his own views, or merely discussing current ideas, unfavourable to belief in the efficacy of prayer for "earthly favours." It is to be hoped that the latter explanation is the true one. The opinion that "the time-honoured ideas about the efficacy of prayer were shattered" by Dr. Inge's statements, is of course, ridiculous. Married women will not listen to spinsters as an authority on the upbringing of children: and neither will believers feel a bit disturbed when unbelievers try to dismiss beliefs engraven in their experience, saying in effect 'We know of little evidence to prove the power of prayer, therefore *you* are all wrong.'

The words of the lady who prayed for Dr. Inge's death do not prove that her petitions were *prayers* in the sense of the scriptural definition of prayer which claims efficacy. If the claim should be made that any request made to an unseen God is *prayer*, then one is justified in replying that the believer has never claimed that such prayer (?) has any efficacy whatsoever. In the author's opinion, the caution and diffidence in this present generation is not a result of a struggle between reason and faith, but between *infidelity and faith*.

The fact that this unbelieving generation prays with less assertiveness for earthly favours is due, Dr. Inge appears to say, to failure in getting an answer. Why should earthly favours be singled out? Obviously to try and support deistic arguments for a God entirely disinterested in human affairs on this earth. In that case we had better revise the words of our Lord to read thus: "If ye abide in Me and My words abide in you, ye shall ask for everything except earthly favours, and there will be no evidence of any answer."

Perhaps these comments of mine will one day come to the notice of Dr. Inge. If they do, let me make sure that he will understand clearly that I, for one, would welcome an inquiry into the results of prayer—such as he pleads, for I am sure that Dr. Inge would not make such sweeping statements in these challenging lectures unless he himself is satisfied that such statements are supported by his own personal inquiry into the matter. In the same way, I do not want to rush into print about a matter into which I have not already inquired. I am happy to say that I can submit plenty of proven evidence of answer to prayer either in debate or in private discussion. And I feel that it ought to be done. One

of the first things that would have to be settled is the question, "What constitutes prayer which believers claim is efficacious?" Otherwise, debate would be useless.

Our Lord Jesus Christ gave us much food for thought in His statement to His disciples "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

First of all, we note that the promise is made to His disciples. In His prayer for them, He said: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word." None but *believers* can claim such a promise. And it is not hard to prove that a believer is one who, being justified by faith, has peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The fifteenth chapter of the Gospel of John is one of the favourite passages of the child of God. Herein we find the truth that changed Hudson Taylor's service for God, the truth of abiding.

"I am the true vine, and My Father is the husbandman."

"Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit He taketh away: and every *branch* that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

In these verses we see the truth of oneness with Christ—Christ the Vine, ourselves the branches. We see that the unfruitful branches are taken away: and we see that the fruitful branches are pruned to bear more fruit.

"Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you."

I am immediately reminded of a letter which a devoted saint of God, much older than myself, sent

me one day: "I am discovering the truth that, not only may we go to the fountain of the cleansing blood of Christ at any time, *but that we may abide there.*" That indeed is the secret of the victorious life—to abide there.

"Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me."

Fruitfulness is impossible apart from oneness with Christ.

"I am the vine, ye *are* the branches: He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing."

Fruitfulness is promised to those who abide. "Severed from Christ" we can do nothing. A severed branch withers and perishes.

"If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast *them* into the fire, and they are burned."

The Privileges of Abiding are answered prayer: "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you": and fruit-bearing to the glory of the Lord: "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be My disciples." What is the connection between *abiding*, *answered prayer*, and *fruit-bearing*? If we abide in Christ, we are channels through which He works. Prayer begins with the Divine Intercessor at the Throne of God—the Lord Jesus Christ—and is communicated to the heart of the *abiding* child of God by the Divine Intercessor on earth—the Holy Spirit—and then the child of God learns God's will and becomes an instrument. A Christian once "prayed" that God would strike dead a certain scoffer who was the greatest hindrance to the salvation of souls in that

town. It was an earnest desire, but it was a desire of the flesh. But as the child of God drew near to his Lord, prayer was poured into it by the Holy Ghost—not a prayer for the man's life to be taken away, but a prayer that eternal life might be given him, that he might be converted. The child of God became the instrument for that man's salvation. He was converted, and a multitude of souls followed him into the Kingdom.

The responsibilities of abiding are clearly set forth for us:

Continuing in His Love: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love."

The way of obedience: "If ye keep My Commandments, ye shall abide in My love; even as I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love."

Fulness of joy: "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and *that* your joy might be full."

Channels of love: "This is My commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you."

Self-sacrifice: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Friendship, which depends on obedience: "Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

The confidence of Christ: "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you."

Ordination to Fruit-bearing: "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and *that* your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you."

The reproaches of abiding:

The hatred of the world: "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before *it* hated you.

"If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

Persecution and conspiracy: "Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept My saying, they will keep yours also."

I think that this is the secret of sustained revival—the life of abiding in Christ. What privileges are ours, what responsibilities, what reproaches! And none is more heartening than that amazing promise:

"If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

First, let us make sure that we are His.

Then, if we abide and if His commandments are rooted in our hearts, we shall ask according to His will, and it shall be done. Seek personal holiness: walk the path of obedience: pray in the Spirit with our Lord "Who shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied," and we shall fulfil the law of prayer, and see the answer to prayer in the glory of God.

That is why so many of us *pray* for spiritual revival.

CHAPTER XII

A VOW FULFILLED

It is September 28, 1936.

I am on board the R.M.M.V. *Stirling Castle* which is homeward bound after breaking the England-South Africa record. We are travelling north-west at the speed of twenty knots—and we expect to break the homeward record as well. A large party of South African friends were down at the quayside to wave us off. Nobody in England knows that we are on board this vessel, believing us to be on a later boat, so we are anticipating a surprise arrival in London.

Away to starboard, is South Africa—a direct easterly line from here would cross the Zambesi where this narrative began. Some day I hope to go back again with all the zeal of re-visiting interesting spots.

September 28: that puts me in a reminiscent mood. It is the fulfilment of a vow, a vow that was made in fear and trembling three years ago. Forgive some retrospection, and give me an opportunity of telling again what God the Lord has done for such as me.

To some readers, the story is well known. To me it is a vivid memory. On *September 28, 1933*, I left home and friends, with a set purpose—to preach a message of revival everywhere, and with it the gospel

of salvation to the lost. It was so impossible, and yet it happened: and although I had started with 2s. 8½d. and an old bicycle, the doors were opened and my service began.

I have told the story of the adventures and vicissitudes of a tramp preacher and that first book painted the picture in living detail. But it was not a complete picture. I scarcely mentioned the times when I suffered hardship, in case people would say that I was soliciting by implication. But *now* I can say for instance that I went hungry and did not mind—does not Moses say "The Lord thy God caused thee to suffer hunger that He might know what was in thine heart?" I had wonderful encouragement, too: the encouragement of answers to prayer that took one's breath away: the encouragement of making loyal friends who were true friends. There was much likewise to discourage: slander and criticism, persecution and misunderstanding—I want to forget the people who did not help. Some have since written to ask my forgiveness: some have kept silent and ashamed: some have quite illogically hated me because *they* treated me unkindly—such is human nature.

But in spite of everything, on *September 28, 1934*, the preaching tours of the British Isles were finished—and I had visited every county in England, had toured all of Wales, had traversed Scotland in every direction, had visited Ireland, North and South.

From *September 28, 1934*, until *September 28, 1935*, there was an extended field of service: this time Europe. When the first book was published, the first round of criticism sought to prove that the stories recorded therein were untrue and impossible. Then they were proved true. The second storm of criticism sought to

attribute such things to the fact that it was due to Christian kindness—in other words, "England is a Christian country and that accounts for his success." Their criticisms were set at nought when the challenge was taken up. I set off for Moscow via Scandinavia, without friends and with little money (11s. to be precise) and returned via Germany after having preached the Word in sixteen countries: and I started out for Jerusalem with 5s. and no friends of any sort, reached my destination via Central Europe and the Balkans, and returned by the Mediterranean. Still I was nothing more than a tramp preacher.

Then *September 28, 1935*, saw the beginning of the third stage of the journey—a world tour, a circumnavigation of the globe which was begun with 10s. in hand. But things changed. I found that I was no longer able to be a tramp preacher going from one town to another without any friends to welcome me. Canada was the transition period between the old state and the new: it took me some time to get adjusted to the role of well-known evangelist. One cannot claim startling results in Canada, despite the yearning of one's heart for revival. But there were happy experiences and successful campaigns. In the United States there was an increase of revival blessing during that tour of the forty-eight states in one hundred days. There was real revival in some quarters. Then quickly through Mexico, Cuba, Jamaica, Colombia and Panama to New Zealand, where God gave many wonderful encouragements in a rising tide of revival blessing. In Australia, the ministry changed again—from an exclusive emphasis on revival to a message of evangelism by means of revival. There were many professed conversions. And now the South African

tour has ended, with its fruit of revival and soul-winning in many centres. To God be the glory for bringing the world tour to such a happy ending. I am on my way home—and it is *September 28, 1936*.

Quite as important as the itinerant ministry of preaching has been the ministry of the pen. My publishers will not mind my declaring that they hesitated a long time of the problem—this unknown Edwin Orr's books, to be or not to be—published. I told the friendly but cautious publishing director—"I know that it seems out of the question, but I feel that the proposition is of the Lord: I'll write you a series of *seven* books and you'll publish at least a quarter of a million of them." That was regarded as another of my jokes—but now the 250,000 figure has been passed. I have known of many, many conversions through those books: and of much eagerness for revival: to God be the praise. I know that the earlier books contain much that is immature and imperfect: but at least they are honest pictures. It may interest critics to know that the author does not touch the royalties for personal purposes, but instead supports a number of missionaries in different parts of the world thereby.

One of my friends said to me: "And after you tour the world, what then? After you preach the message everywhere you hope to, what next?" And I replied: "I simply do not know. If God calls me on, I'll work for the revival that I'm inviting Christians to pray for. If not, I'll go back to business and disappear."

I have decided to disappear.

Nevertheless, I have seen another vision. I have dreamed of forming an international team of evangelists, all young men, all men of God. All over the world, such a team would have opportunities for service, and

perhaps would be used of God to bring about the conditions in which revival can come. But I do not intend to form such a team until I get marching orders to do so. So I intend to disappear—up to the mountains, perhaps, or anywhere that one can find quietness. If my work is finished, it will finish with a period of prayer in the wilderness. If it is beginning, it will begin in a quiet time of preparation: and I will know what to do. But in the meantime, within a month I expect to *disappear* and leave no contacts behind, ensuring no distractions from meditation.

Before I bid you good-bye, may I ask you to take a peep at the flyleaf of my Bible? Here is what is inscribed thereupon:

"The Promises of God are sure—if you only believe": the dying words of General Booth.

Satisfactorily proved in:—

Northern Ireland	Holland	Newfoundland
Irish Free State	Belgium	Canada ¹
England	France	United States ¹
Scotland	Switzerland	Mexico
Wales	Czechoslovakia	Cuba
Norway	Austria	Jamaica
Denmark	Hungary	Colombia
Sweden	Jugoslavia	Panama
Finland	Bulgaria	New Zealand
Soviet Russia	Rumania	Australia ¹
Estonia	Turkey	Union of S. Africa ¹
Latvia	Greece	Northern Rhodesia
Lithuania	Palestine	Southern Rhodesia
Danzig Free State	Italy	Bechuanaland
Poland	Spain	S.W. Africa
Germany	Portugal	Madeira

¹ Every Province or every State.

EPILOGUE

THE world tour of Mr. J. Edwin Orr reached an appropriate climax in a most enthusiastic "welcome home" at the Central Hall, Westminster, London. The bare announcement a month earlier evoked interest throughout the entire country. Friends and well-wishers gathered from all parts, from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and England. Not only was the great hall filled to capacity, but the proceedings were relayed to a large hall adjoining, and nearly four thousand people crowded every available space.

Commander R. G. Studd, D.S.O., presided, and a large number of clergy, ministers, and other leaders of various forms of Christian activity were on the platform. It was a praise meeting in the truest sense of the world, and among those who extended greetings to God's servant, and joined in thanksgiving for the remarkable work accomplished through him, were Mr. A. Lindsay Glegg, Mr. Hugh Redwood, Dr. C. K. Mowll, Mr. Frederick P. Wood, and Mr. T. B. Rees. A well-drilled choir, under the leadership of Mr. C. E. Plant, of the Young Life Campaign, contributed to the bright and joyous character of the occasion.

Similar meetings were held in Belfast, Cardiff and Glasgow, and now Mr. Edwin Orr has "disappeared," apparently following the injunction given in Isaiah, "Elijah, go hide thyself." Friends are waiting for the time when "Go show thyself" will be likewise obeyed.

269 075i c1 29606
Orr, J. Edwin
If ye abide, 10,000 miles of miracles in
MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE
3 9941 00044 0594

“IF YE
ABIDE”

J. EDWIN
ORR

269
075i

269
075i



“IF YE ABIDE”

J. EDWIN ORR

